

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

A N O V E L.

FOUNDED ON

The FRENCH REVOLUTION.

In TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

“ORDER is Heaven’s first law; and this confess,
“Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
“More rich; more wise; but who infers from
hence
“That such are happier, shocks all common
sense.”

Pope’s Essay on Man.

P L Y M O U T H :

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ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER XLIV.

MADAME D——

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

Impelled by Gratitude, and actuated with Sentiments of Humanity, I send many an ardent Prayer for the Continuance of Peace and Tranquillity to the Inhabitants of Switzerland. Your Motive for staying does you Honour. I am however persuaded, that if there should be any Reasons for your Apprehensions, your Friend would join with me in requesting you to set out for England. Eugene has

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B

not

not received any further Accounts of his Friend Margeove: Be assured I shall not neglect giving you the first Intelligence we can obtain.

Well positively, Antoinette, I must find out the Reasons which have excluded a Person like Mr. Newlyn from Society.— The Curiosity of Henry is much excited, since I found an Opportunity of speaking to our Hermit. You are to know that I accompanied Monsieur D—— in one of his rural Excursions. The Beauty of the surrounding Prospects, and the Fineness of the Weather prolonged our Walk. A very pretty Shrubbery attracted our Attention, and we took the Liberty of a nearer View. It was quite delightful, and we continued our Walk till we came near an Alcove, in which was seated Mr. Newlyn, who seemed very intent on a Book which he laid by on our Approach. I addressed him with all that Ease which is allowed to distinguish a French woman, A
apologized

apologized for our Intrusion, and admitted the Beauty of his Shrubbery. Mr. Newlyn in return proved that he still retained the Manners of a Gentleman. He observed I was fatigued, and begged me to be seated. Henry improved the Opportunity of engaging Mr. Newlyn in Conversation. The Revolution was started as the Subject, and our Recluse soon convinced us, that he was not ignorant of the Events which were performing on the great Stage of the World, whatever Contempt he might have for the more private Concerns of Life.

During this Conversation with Monsieur D—, Mr. Newlyn seemed to look at me with much Attention, just as if he were recollecting a former Acquaintance. For my own Part, I found myself much interested on his Account, and wished much to know his History. Perhaps I shall make some Discovery in a little more Acquaintance, for on our taking Leave,

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he said something about the Pleasure of seeing us at his Shrubbery again. Of this slight Invitation we mean to avail ourselves, and are determined to introduce none of our Friends to partake of this Indulgence, till we know more of Mr. Newlyn: It will at any Rate answer a good Purpose, if it divert the Attention of my Henry from a Subject distressing to him and to

Your

MATILDA D——.

LETTER XLV.

MADAME D——

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

YOUR Letters are just come to Hand. Indeed, my dear Antoinette, I cannot allow

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

low you to go beyond me in Affection. — I equally regret the Distance which is now between us; and to alleviate the Anxieties occasioned by Absence, I find a Pleasure in conversing with you by Letters. Mr. Stanley and your Mother will continue to give you an Account of every Thing material in our Affairs. For my Part, I shall think of what can employ my Pen to amuse my amiable Sister. You request me not to forget Mr. Newlyn. It happens very luckily I want a Confident, and shall therefore chuse you for that Purpose. Would you imagine that Henry and I have began a kind of private Acquaintance with Mr. N — ? Our Family are not yet to share in his Confidence, nor do they know of our Walks to the Shrubbery. I will proceed to tell you how all this came about. We embraced the first Opportunity to repair to the Alcove. After we had waited some Time, Mr. N — entered the Walk, and accosted us with some Degree of Freedom.

Monsieur D—— again engaged him in
 Conversation. London became the Sub-
 ject. Henry said he was very certain I
 left London with Regret. “Why really,
 “Monsieur,” replied I, “I could have
 “wished my Mother to have continued
 “her Enquiries for her Cousin Willmore
 “some Time longer, which would have
 “prolonged our Stay.”
 “Willmore! Madam,” said Mr. New-
 lyn; “did you know the unfortunate
 “Willmore? Give me leave to ask who
 “made the Enquiries you mentioned.”—
 I very readily answered his Questions.
 His Emotion was very great, and he
 strove in vain to suppress the Tears which
 were starting in his Eyes. He arose, and
 took a Turn in the Walk. On his Re-
 turn, he seated himself by me, and taking
 my Hand, said, you are surprised, per-
 haps, at seeing me so much affected.—
 The Gentleman you enquired for was of
 too much Consequence to me to hear his
 Name

Name with Indifference. His Regard for the amiable Caroline Meadows was well known to me, and for that Reason you claim my Confidence. To you and Monsieur I may explain myself, and give Reasons for a Conduct which appears extraordinary: But will you promise not to acquaint any other Person with our Conversation, till I shall think proper? This we assented to, and Mr. Newlyn requested we would give him a Meeting at the Alcove the first Opportunity. The Appointment was settled, and I am quite impatient to know the Source of his Disquiet. He has surely been unhappy. Monsieur D—— wishes he could administer Consolation to his new Acquaintance, and that he could

“Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
 “Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
 “And with some sweet oblivious antidote
 “Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous load
 “Which weighs upon the heart.”

Shakspere.

It

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It is too apparent that such a weight hangs upon the Mind of Mr. Newlyn.—My Henry has an excellent Heart, which makes him feel for another's Grief. The native Chearfulness of his Temper is somewhat clouded, since his last Account from France. Even this Change endears him more to your Matilda, since I know his principal Concern is on my Account.—We are expecting Eugene's Return soon, and we shall then set out for Scotland.—I shall take every Opportunity of writing to you.

IN CONTINUATION.

Antoinette, I have been very much affected;—my Cousin Willmore!—But let me observe some Method in my Story.—I accompanied my Henry to the Place of Rendezvous, where we found Mr. Newlyn waiting for us, who, instead of seating me in the Alcove as usual, took my Hand, and conducted us towards the House, and
led

us to a Room which appeared well furnished with Books, musical Instruments, &c. As soon as we had taken our Seats, he rang the Bell, and ordered some Refreshment, which was served with much Elegance. When the Servants were withdrawn, he began the Conversation by thanking us for being so punctual, and enquired for Madame Villeroi and her Family. I gave him a brief Account, to which he paid great Attention.

“To you, Madam,” said Mr. Newlyn,
 “I fear my Enquiries may have the Ap-
 “pearance of an impertinent Curiosity,
 “especially when you consider my Way of
 “Living: To enable you to account for
 “this, as well as for the Emotion occasi-
 “oned by your naming your Relation
 “Willmore, I will acknowledge that I
 “am the Person for whom your Enquiries
 “were made: Yes, Madam, you now see
 “before you the unhappy Willmore, ren-
 “dered so by his own Indiscretion!

“Oh!

“ Oh ! Monsieur,” continued he, “ my
“ lovely Cousin, who so much resembles
“ her Mother in Person, and, I make no
“ Doubt, in Disposition, puts me in Mind
“ of the Loss I have sustained. Whole
“ Years of Solitude have not reconciled
“ me to myself. This, Madam,” said he,
presenting me with a sealed Packet, “ will
“ briefly inform you of Events I would
“ in vain consign to Oblivion. I must
“ confess, I have long wished to receive
“ some Intelligence of my Cousin, though
“ it seemed by no Means probable that I
“ should have that Pleasure. When she
“ has given my Papers a Perusal, she will
“ have but too much Reason to blame;
“ yet, perhaps, there may be found some
“ Room for Pity. I will then see Ma-
“ dame Villeroi, my esteemed Relation.
“ It has cost me much Trouble to draw
“ up this short Narrative of a Subject too
“ painful to be communicated by Con-
“ versation; but I own it throws a Gleam
“ of Satisfaction over the Shades of Soli-
“ tude

"tude to receive such pleasing Accounts
"of my Friends."

Mr. Willmore now seemed desirous to change the Subject. The Affairs of France became the Topic. On this, and every other Matter, he displayed much Sensibility; and deplored the dread Effects of Licentiousness. Monsieur D—— engaged himself to wait on Mr. Willmore in the Morning, and in the mean Time I was desired to make our Discovery known to Madame Villeroi.

Indeed, Antoinette, you will pity Mr. Willmore; but I will not anticipate: He will speak for himself in the Narrative which I shall inclose. Mr. Stanley is very much interested on Account of our Relation, though the Source of his Misfortunes were always severely censured by him. I leave you to judge how much my Mother was affected at such an unexpected Discovery. She entertains Hopes of
Mr.

Mr. Stanley's Success in composing the Mind of this unhappy Victim to youthful Indiscretions. I shall leave you to make your own Comments on the inclosed Narrative. For my own Part, I should be very glad to see poor Willmore restored to Peace of Mind, for which Purpose we shall endeavour to bring him back to Society.

IN CONTINUATION.

Monfieur D—— has had the Honour of introducing our Family to Mr. Willmore. The Meeting was such as you may suppose. By Degrees a pleasing Change may take Place. I am obliged to break off abruptly, rather than lose the Opportunity of inclosing my Packet with Mr. Stanley's. Write often if you would oblige

Your affectionate

MATILDA D——.

The

The Narrative of Mr. Willmore.

IN giving my Friends the following Account, I have no Intention to excuse or palliate my own Conduct: I would rather propose my Errors as a sad Example to deter others from making the dangerous Experiment.

In the Course of our Conversation you informed me, Madame, of your having a Brother: I request his Attention. Tell him that the vain Opinion of the World cannot alter the real Nature of Good and Evil, nor speak Peace to a Bosom smarting under the Consciousness of having violated the Commands of Heaven, and of having disobeyed the Dictates of Reason, as well as Religion.

Now let me proceed to tell you, that it may, perhaps, be reckoned among the Number of my Misfortunes, that I came into the Possession of my Fortune at an

early Period of Life. Perfectly Master of my own Conduct, with a Temper naturally warm and irritable, and a Disposition which could hardly brook Contradiction, of Friendship I had the highest Opinion. My Notions of Honour I imagined to be perfectly just. Happy for me would it have proved, if I had understood and applied the Word Honour in its proper and true Sense. Your Mother, Madame, was my nearest Relation, Mrs. Meadows being my Mother's Sister. I sometimes visited her at Paris, and Sir Henry took a particular Interest in my Welfare. His Advice tended to check the Impetuosity of my Temper. I both honoured and revered my Uncle; but relied too much on my own Opinions to profit by his Advice; nay, I often thought his Lectures too grave, and therefore bade Adieu to Paris. I had besides another Reason for detaining me in England; for a Gentleman, whose Name was Darnly, claimed the greatest Share in my Friendship. His
Opinions

Opinions were similar to mine: He boasted, in Addition to these Opinions, an Inflexibility of Temper, and was even proud of this Blemish, which he dignified with the Name of Firmness. Our Friendship, however, was sincere. Darnly was some Years older than I, was possessed of a handsome Fortune, and had under his Guardianship a Sister younger than himself. He introduced me to the young Lady, as her Brother's Friend.—Letitia Darnly, whose Temper was mild and gentle, had suffered much from the Sorrow occasioned by her Mother's Death.—Her Heart was too susceptible of Grief. Her Brother was truly affectionate in all his Behaviour towards his amiable Sister, and used every Mean to divert the Anxiety which depressed her Spirits. To me she became very interesting. In concert with Darnly I formed Amusements, and engaged agreeable Parties of our Friends on purpose to prevent Miss Darnly from indulging her Melancholy.

We at length succeeded. She became more chearful; she honoured me with the Name of Friend; and expressed much Gratitude for my Solitude on her Account. Her Brother rejoiced at seeing his Sister regain her Health, and Spirits. Letitia repaid his affectionate Regard with all the Love of a Sister, and all the Duty which a Guardian could expect. For my Part, Pity and Esteem were soon exchanged for Sentiments of a more tender Nature. To Darnly I unbosomed my Heart, and he received the Intelligence with the utmost Satisfaction, and assured me of his full Consent. Miss Darnly gave me Reason to imagine, that she had more Partiality for me than for any of her Admirers. In due Time I obtained her Consent to fix a Time for our Union, and accordingly sat about embellishing a very agreeable Seat, which Darnly and I had chosen for the Place of our Residence.— Among the many Gentlemen with whom we were acquainted was one, who seemed
to

to share my Friend Darnly's Confidence, more than either Letitia or I approved of, since we were not so partial to Mr. Arnold, (for so was he named.) He appeared to us to be an artful designing Man. His Address was insinuating, but his Fortune was said to be much reduced by his being much addicted to Gaming, &c. He professed, however, a proper Sense of his Misconduct, and an utter Dislike to the Vices which occasioned his pecuniary Embarrassments. I never thought him sincere: Charles Darnly, however, gave Credit to all his Professions. My Love for Letitia made me soon observe I had a Rival in Mr. Arnold, which however could not give me much Disquiet, as I knew that I alone possessed the Heart of my Letitia, and the Period drew near when I should receive her Hand.

Now, Madame, you would have pronounced me among the happiest of Mortals, possessed of a Fortune worthy the

Acceptance of a Lady, whose Happiness was dearer than my own, whole Affection was sincere, and whose Virtues were such, as to ensure the Continuance of my Love and Esteem. Ah! why did I wound the Heart, where so much Goodness was seated? To dwell on a Subject so painful is impossible; I must therefore be as brief as I can.

Ever since my Acquaintance with Darnly, our Opinions seldom varied, until he became attached to Arnold. I now fancied I perceived a very great Change in my Friend. Why did I not guard against the Petulance of his Temper, or rather, why did I not restrain the wrong Emotions of my own? The Day was now appointed, when I should become the Brother of my Friend. Arnold had engaged him the preceding Day, and I was invited to join the Party. In the Course of Conversation a trifling Dispute arose, in which unfortunately I took the opposite Side to Darnly. This

This he resented in rather indignant Terms. My Temper became heated, and I was actuated by the Impulse of Anger in my Replies. A Gentleman interfered, and put an End to the Dispute; but we parted in bad Humour on both Sides. When alone, I condemned myself, as well as Darnly, who could, for such Trifles, suffer ourselves to be transported beyond the Bounds of Reason. The next Morning a Servant brought me a Letter from Darnly, containing a Challenge to meet him on the very Morning appointed for my Marriage. What a Conflict of Passions agitated my Soul! Love and Friendship in Opposition to Honour and Rage: But the latter unhappily predominated. And now, Madame, give me Leave to address myself to your Brother.

It is with much Concern, Monsieur, that I find such wrong Notions of Honour are still prevalent, and still continue to introduce

produce Sorrow, Shame, and Remorse; to carry along with them Distress, and Misery; to disturb the Peace of Families, and to make the innocent suffer for the guilty; to violate the sacred Commands of the Almighty, to brave his Vengeance, and defy his Power! When will the true Laws of Honour put an End to a Practice which militates against Heaven and Earth? I shudder at every new Instance I hear: I have considered it in every Point of View, and find it replete with Horror.

Of such Reflections, any Concession seemed to derogate from my Character.— What would the World say to my declining the Combat: But ah! my Letitia, in what Light would she esteem the Man who should accept, or decline the Challenge? The Custom of the World had agreed to stigmatize the Man, who refused such Meetings with the Brand of Cowardice, and my Opinions were avowedly on that Side. Honour therefore gat
the

the better of every Argument. I accepted the Challenge, and repaired to the Place appointed, where I found Darnly had chosen Arnold for his Second: This enraged me still more. I returned the Fire of my Antagonist, and saw him fall wounded to the Earth. My Sensations may be better imagined than expressed.—My Mind was filled with Horror and Confusion. The Gentleman who was my Second, hurried me from the fatal Spot. His Reasonings were all without Effect, and he left me in a State little short of Distraction. My Friendship for Darnly, and my Love for his Sister were now my Tormentors. My faithful Valet watched me with unremitted Attention, and conducted me to a secure Retreat. I charged him to make Enquiries concerning the Fate of Darnly. By his Accounts I was sometimes buoyed up by Hope, and at other Times agitated by Despair. But of Letitia I could hear nothing to console me. Arnold, I found, still continued his Attendance

tendance on Darnly. At length my faithful Valet brought the News that Darnly was pronounced out of Danger: This in some Degree calmed my Mind, and I now turned my Thoughts to address the injured Letitia. Edward was employed to get my Letter delivered into her Hands, and I expected a Return with the utmost Anxiety: Her Answer came; but ah! to what Purpose, except to awaken in my Mind a stronger Sense of my Errors. I have subjoined her Letter which contained Reasons unanswerable.

LETTER XLVI.

LETITIA DARNLY

TO

MR. WILLMORE.

Willmore, you ask if I can forbear to hate you. Were I disposed to hate you, I should find it impossible: But why, let me ask

ask you, did you profess so much Love for me, or why did you appear so amiable, as to claim my Heart in Return? or why did you endeavour to restore my Mind to Peace, when it was from your Hand I must forever bid Adieu to Health and Peace in this World? Could a Heart, like mine, already too susceptible of Grief, behold a Brother wounded by the Hand of the dearest Person to me on Earth, and on that very Day which was to unite us by the most sacred Tye? Could I see this without sinking under such unexpected Sorrows? Oh no! it was impossible. I cannot support this Trial. Should my Brother recover, and could I regain my Health, what would it avail? You have fixed an insurmountable Bar to our Union. The Inflexibility of my Brother's Temper was well known to you; but yet he now acknowledges, that he would, on my Account, have accepted Concessions which false Honour would not allow you to make. You have raised your Hand against

gainst my Brother, and therefore must bid a final Adieu to your once loved Letitia.

How do I deplore the inhuman Custom of Duelling! What Misery does it introduce into the World! How many Victims have been offered up to the Shrine of that false Honour which now occasions our Woe; for I am ready to believe your Affection for me is sincere.

Farewell, Willmore, endeavour to regain your Peace of Mind, and to forget

Your unfortunate

LETITIA DARNLY.

In vain did I endeavour to renew a Correspondence with this amiable Sufferer. The only Accounts Edward could procure were destructive of my Peace. Though her Health was in a declining State, Arnold had made his Addresses which were by her rejected. I continued in Retirement.

ment. Edward softened his Intelligence so as sometimes to flatter my Hopes. I had now Time to reflect on the Error to which I had the strongest Propensity, and found, on a strict Enquiry of my own Heart, that an unwarrantable Pride had rendered me, and a most amiable young Lady miserable.

I soon heard of fresh Instances of the same Infatuation, which although they might vary in Circumstances, were yet productive of many and great Evils: To compleat my own Share, I had too soon the sad Account that my ever dear and injured Letitia was no more. My guilty Hand had destroyed the only Person I wished to render happy. I leave you to judge what State of Mind I now enjoyed. No Time can obliterate my Sorrows, nor can I think myself worthy of Society, since I have proved so fatal to one of its brightest Ornaments, I formed a Resolution of changing my Name, and of quitting all

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Society, except with one Gentleman, who had proved himself a very sincere Friend on the Occasion. I determined to travel. My Valet had convinced me of his deserving my Confidence. To my Surprise I received the following Letter from Darnly just as I was preparing for my Expedition.

LETTER XLVII.

CHARLES DARNLY

TO

HENRY WILLMORE.

WHERE now, Willmore, is that Honour which was our Boast? I would fain believe that you are more culpable than myself. I would say, Willmore, thou hast destroyed my Sister, my dearest Letitia! but I shared too much in the daring and insolent Attack upon the Life of another. My Letitia became the Victim. Ah! why did

did you not make Concessions? Why did you not endeavour to compose the unhappy Difference? You have forever undone me, Willmore:—But I rave.—Why was I so petulant? Why did I challenge you? Where shall I fix the Blame? Will not some truly brave and worthy Mind find a Method to take off this just Reproach from our Nation?

We must meet no more, Willmore, once my Friend, with the Prospect of adding Brother to the Appellation of Friend. A thousand Things could I say to you of my dear Letitia; but my Thoughts are confused. I acknowledge that I detest my former Principles which have rendered me truly miserable. It becomes you to be wretched, and then think on the unhappy

CHARLES DARNLY.]

As it is not in the Power of Words to

D 2

convey

convey to you, Monsieur, my Situation, I will leave you to imagine what were my Feelings on leaving England. On my Arrival at Paris, I ordered Edward to make Enquiry after my Cousin Carolina. He could obtain no other Account, than that she left Paris some Time before our Arrival. I wandered from one Place to another, but I carried my own uneasy Reflections with me. At length I returned to England. Darnly, I heard, was still abroad labouring under much Distress of Mind, and of Body from the Effect of his Wound. After much Enquiry we fixed on the Place I now inhabit. My Valet superintends my Affairs; but my other Servants are Strangers to my Story. The Friend I mentioned sometimes visits me; but never once attempted to alter my Resolutions. I have been baneful to Society, and cannot hope that my Example will conduce towards suppressing the Evil; for though I have lived as a Recluse, still I retain a Wish for the Welfare of the World

in

in general, and my own Country in particular. I therefore will indulge the Hope, that some Method may be devised, which will effectually preserve the true Honour of a Gentleman, without having Recourse to the Sword, or Pistol.

To you, Monsieur, I will recommend my own Example, as a Warning, to suppress the Emotions of Anger, which originates from a foolish Pride never made for any human Being, but taken up and encouraged upon such wrong Notions as have proved a Source of real Misfortunes to

HENRY WILLMORE.

Now, Antoinette, you have Mr. Willmore's Story, on which I leave you to moralize. Mr. Stanley will visit him often, though I do not expect he will ever be brought to see much Company. Eugene has been introduced to him, and he appears much pleased with his Relation;

and the Satisfaction of seeing my Mother and her Family has diffused a more serene and chearful Air over his Countenance.— You must write me more often. You have no Reason to complain of me, for I take every Opportunity of scribbling to you. I shall write you when we set out for Scotland.

My Cousin Willmore has had a long Conversation with Mr. Stanley, who is very much concerned, that a Person of so many amiable Qualities should have rendered himself unhappy. I must make up my Packet. Henry is justly disturbed on account of the State of his Country. I shall for that Reason do all I can to forward our Journey to Scotland; perhaps the Change of Place may compose his Mind. You know, my dear Antoinette, it becomes my Duty to study the Happiness of a Person so justly dear to me; and on account of his Goodness of Heart, so much respected by my Family.

Eugene

Eugene is writing to you: Perhaps he has made you his Confident; though you are quite silent to me! for sure I am, that he prefers the lovely Miss Henley to all the Ladies of Switzerland or France.

Well, I know you are a good Girl, and very worthy to be consulted; for which Reason you always shared the Confidence of

Your affectionate

MATILDA D——.

LETTER XLVIII.

ALEXANDER BRUCE

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

CAPTAIN M—— is writing to you: Were it not for very important Reasons, I should request to be the Bearer of his
Letter.

Letter. When shall I have the Happiness of welcoming my Friend to Clydesdale? A lucky Chance has screened me from my Uncle's Displeasure, which I am now convinced I must have fallen under, had I made the Proposition of breaking with Euphemia. My good Friend Mr. Sinclair was about to exert his Eloquence in my Favour, when the Captain sent Archy to signify his Wish to speak with him immediately. I began to be very apprehensive some Discovery had been made.

When Mr. Sinclair returned, he seated himself by me, and began a long Harangue in Favour of Fortitude under Disappointments. I begged to know to what his Discourse tended, and in what Manner I was to apply his Admonitions: "Mr. Bruce," said he, "have I not been requested by you to make to Captain M—— a Speech in your Favour? I have thought proper to change my Plan. My Rhetoric would perhaps gain little Credit

"Credit with your Uncle; so I am willing
 "to know how far I may succeed with his
 "Nephew. Your Uncle is highly offended.
 "A Breach of Promise with him admits
 "of no Palliation. He loves his Nephew,
 "and cannot see him injured without
 "shewing his Resentment. When you
 "have considered the Contents of this
 "Letter I will see you again;" So saying
 he presented me the Letter, and left the
 Room. I was almost afraid to peruse the
 Contents which I am now about to trans-
 scribe.

LETTER XLIX.

MRS. MAC INTOSH

TO

MRS. BRUCE,

I Need not repeat to you, Madam, my
 good Opinion of Mr. Bruce: An Alliance
 with your Family would have done us
 Honour;

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Honour; but my Daughter has disappointed us by bestowing her Hand (unknown to her Parents) on a Gentleman whose Name is Gassaburgh. Parental Affection has obliged us to pardon her, and I trust Mr. Bruce will be reconciled to the Disappointment of calling Euphemia his Wife. I am desirous of keeping up a good Correspondence with your Family, and am with much Respect,

Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

EUPHEMIA MAC INTOSH.

When the Doctor returned, he asked whether I could follow his Advice. My Joy was so great I could scarce answer him. He requests me to say nothing on the Subject to my Uncle yet, who resents Euphemia's Behaviour very highly. The Doctor has taken the Trouble of going to Mr. Campbell's, and has seen my Friend William, who rejoices at my Deliverance,
but

but wishe sme to observe Silence for some Time, and to leave the rest to him.

Now Hope begins to dawn on my Mind, I am solicitous to know the Result of your Enquiries. My Aunt is busily employed in giving Orders for the Reception of your Friends. May Villeroi's Answer be propitious to my Hopes in your Favour!

If you should be detained longer than I wish or expect, pray write to me. I am impatient to know Adelaide's Sentiments in Respect of Margrove.

Whatever concerns your Happiness is of Importance to

Your

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

LET-

LETTER L.

CAPTAIN M——

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

YOU must permit me to congratulate you, my dear Biron, on your happy Return to a Country now your own. I welcome you as an Englishman, whom Experience has instructed to know the true Meaning, and to set a just Value on Liberty. Welcome, thrice welcome to a Land, where her Presence is only known.

I have not written to you so often as I intended, because I should be obliged to mention the French Revolution to you, and I supposed you too much affected with the Accounts you have received from your French Correspondents. Give me Leave now to say a few Words on the Subject, as a Testimony of my Approbation of your Conduct, and to remind you from
what

what you have escaped. You left that Country in good Time, with your Heart untainted with factious Principles, and uncorrupted by bad Examples. From that Period to the present Moment the Miscreants have gone on from one Degree of Guilt to a greater, until they have nearly reached the very Summit of Wickedness. They have inflicted worse than Death on their lawful Sovereign by continually massacring the most faithful of his Subjects, not sparing (Cowards as they are) either Sex or Age; subjecting the King and his Family to every Insult and Indignity, and holding them Captives under the despotic Power of Wretches, who are lost to every Sense of Honour and Humanity: They have abolished the royal Dignity, and threaten to erect a mock Tribunal, to which their Sovereign is to be dragged as a Traitor.

Do you imagine that Justice will ever be seen in the Company of those who are

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to be both Accusers and Judges? No, she has long ago forsaken the Wretches who have called themselves an Assembly of Philosophers. It requires more than stoic Philosophy to think with Temper on these Crimes and Murders which will remain a lasting Stigma on the French Nation.

As you are now an acknowledged Subject to his Britannic Majesty, and I have no Doubt of your Loyalty, I shall perhaps request you to oblige me with a few Verses, when I have the Happiness of seeing you here. However, I will now tell you the Subject. My Countryman Cornwallis having proved himself a British Hero, not only as a victorious Chief, but also as a merciful Conqueror, is a noble Subject of Panegyric for your Pen.

I have conceived a very great Respect for Mr. Stanley, and also for the Villeroi Family, from the Accounts Sandy has given

given me of their Characters; I therefore begged to be honoured with their Company, agreeable to their former Promise in one of your Letters. Bruce is writing to you, so I suppose he is telling you, that he may now bind his Brows with the Willow, the faithless Euphemia being married.

If your Finances fail, remember what I bade my Nephew to tell you, and believe me it was sincerely meant by

Your's affectionately,

GEORGE M——

E 2

LET-

40 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER LI.

MADAME D——

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

MR. Harwood has just now inclosed a Letter for Eugene from Margrove. I will not anticipate. I have been busily employed in transcribing it for you.— Captain M—— has been repeating his Invitation, and we shall set out for Scotland, as soon as De Biron has adjusted his Business in England.

Mr. Stanley has contrived to make a considerable Addition to his Income without his Knowledge; so I fancy he begins to brighten up, for his Locks appear more chearful.

I will not detain you any longer, but finish the Transcript of Margrove's Letter.

Augustus

Augustus Margrove to Eugene Villeroi.

— C I M A C A M — *Halifax.*

HAVING met with adverse Winds, we had a very long and tedious Passage.— When I arrived here, several Ships had just sat sail for Quebec, which obliged me to wait for an Opportunity of prosecuting my Voyage. I found myself on landing rather in an aukward Situation, being quite a Stranger to every one.

I continued wandering about several Days, until I became quite tired, and therefore determined to stay in my Lodgings and amuse myself with Reading. I had just began to enter upon my Studies, when I was informed, that a Gentleman, just arrived from Quebec, had taken Lodgings in the same House: I saw him, and liked his Appearance; he seemed pretty far advanced in Years. As I wished to converse with any Person who had been at Quebec, I soon threw myself in

the Stranger's Way, and we fell into Conversation about the Nature and Extent of the Country. He gave me a very ample Account. There was an easy Frankness in his Manner, which seemed to justify the Confidence I placed in one, with whom I had such a short Acquaintance.

As he seemed desirous to know the Object of my Expedition at such a Season to Quebec, I told him I went in quest of my Father. "Your Father!" returned the Gentleman, "What is his Name?"—I instantly told him. "Beville," said he, "looking very earnestly at me, is my most intimate Friend: My Name is Longford. With Beville I have traversed through vast Wilds, while I have lamented his Misfortunes; therefore I conjure you to relate whatever you know of Beville; but hold, let me first convince you that I am the confidential Friend of the Person you call by the Name of your Father."

Ah!

Ah! Villeroi, he said enough to remove any Doubt. I beheld Mr. Longford with Respect and Veneration. He appears older than I suppose my Father to be.—I delivered without Reserve the Papers and Jewels which belonged to my Mother.—With these Vouchers in his Hand Mr. Longford begged Leave to retire. It seemed a long While before he returned; and I grew impatient. When he came back his Eyes declared how much he had been affected.

“My dear Augustus,” said he, “you must no longer consider me a Stranger: “You are Beville’s Son, and I will conduct “you to a Father, who, I trust, will have “Reason to rejoice to find you so worthy “to be his Son. To encrease his Felicity “he will know his Clara was innocent, “though indiscreet. You must not there- “fore think of proceeding to Quebec, un- “til I am ready to go with you. Allow “me to have the Happiness of introducing “you

44 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

“you to my Friend Beville, who, while he
“sheds a Tear to the Memory of your
“Mother, will bless the happy Hour
“which restored you to his Sight.”

Eugene, there was something so sincere and affecting in all which Mr. Longford said, that I yielded an implicit Obedience to his Request. Every Day I became more attached to my venerable Friend.— He is affable, polite and sensible, which renders his Conversation pleasing. His Travels have been extensive, and he delineates the different Manners of the Nations, through which he has journeyed, with such Plainness and Accuracy, that I have the clearest Ideas of all his Descriptions. In turn I relate to him the different Incidents which occur to my Memory. I answer all his Questions relative to the Protectors of my Youth. Do not suppose that I have forgotten to mention the Name of Villerot: No, Love and Friendship would forbid my Silence. Mr. Longford knows

all my Heart on the Subject of my Love. He observed he had something to communicate; "perhaps," said he, "on that Subject my Interference may be of Service." I became impatient to know the Meaning of such Hints. Mr. Longford reproved me. "Have Patience, young Man," said he; "you ought to restrain that Impetuosity of Temper which proved so fatal to your Parents. The Knowledge I have of all which concerns your Father ought to make you remember, that I can say a great Deal in your Favour on any Occasion. I will be more explicit another Time: You may now go on with your Description of the amiable — Villeroi, I shall then know if the Picture be more charming, than that of your Father's adopted Daughter Isabella."—My Father's adopted Daughter, Sir, returned I with Astonishment! "Yes, Sir," returned Mr. Longford, "your Father has protested the beauteous Orphan, of whom
I now

46 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

"I now speak, and would doubtless rejoice
 "at her being your Wife; but more of
 "this some other Time."

You cannot imagine, Eugene, how much
 I am disturbed. Happy at seeing my
 Father, must I instantly disobey him? for
 that must be the case were he to propose
 a Marriage with Isabella to his Son:
 Never, my Friend, could I consent; not
 even were my — Villeroi lost to my
 Hopes. I could not erase her Image from
 my Heart. You are very good, my
 Friend, in avoiding to interrogate me:
 Was not I right to keep the dear Name
 from you? I am anxious to go to Que-
 bec; but cannot disobey Mr. Longford.
 He reproves me on some Occasions, yet
 it is with the Tenderness of a Friend.—
 He speaks to me perpetually of my Father,
 and claims my Attention. He thinks of
 leaving Halifax in a few Days, having
 Business at the City of Shelburne; from
 thence we are to proceed to Quebec.—

To

To write to me would be to no Purpose, for our Stay at Shelburne is uncertain. I shall however write you from thence.— Supposing you to be in England, I shall inclose my Letter for you to Mr. Harwood. Continue to regard me I beg you. Be assured, whatever Fate attends me, the Name of Villeroi both on Account of Love and Friendship will remain dear to me.

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

IN CONTINUATION.

Antoinette, I am not able to form any Conjecture on some Passages in Margrove's Letter, though it takes up much of my Attention. Poor young Man! may he return in Safety, and then I will soon find out who is the favoured.—Villeroi, we are preparing for our Journey to Scotland; Henry is the Picture of Dejection: Ah! how much do his Sorrows affect the Heart of

Your

MATILDA D——

LET-

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LETTER LII.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

IT is impossible for me to express with how much Anxiety I have waited for Villeroi's Answer: However, I affect to appear more chearful than usual. My Determination is fixed. I will accompany the Family to Clydesdale, but I will soon after tear myself from the Sight of the too amiable Adelaide. You have a Rival, Bruce, but you know he is not favoured by Sophia; whilst the unhappy De Biron has every Reason to imagine, that Margrove loves, and is beloved by Mademoiselle Villeroi.

On examining the Accounts which regard my Property in England, I find my Income to be more than I expected, which I impute to the prudent Management of
my

my Guardian. Villeroi sends to request me to go with him to visit Mr. Willmore. You may imagine what are now the Apprehensions of your Friend.

IN CONTINUATION.

We had not proceeded far in our Walk, when Villeroi said; "I have taken your Advice: I knew my Sister to be above Affectation, therefore I am sure her Answer is dictated by Sincerity."

Tell me, said I, may not Margrove hope to call you Brother? Answer me immediately, I conjure you.—He looked earnestly at me: "Have Patience, Adolphus," returned Eugene, "and I will tell you; and since you appear to be much interested in Adelaide's Reply to my Question, I shall be more particular on the Subject. Yonder Arbour will afford us a Seat where we shall not be overheard." Thither we went: I was

all Attention, and Villeroi began by saying—"I Yesterday took an Opportunity
 "of requesting to speak with my Sister,
 "and attended her to this Seat. Ade-
 "laide," said I, "You must permit me
 "to ask you a Question, and I expect you
 "will answer me with Candour and Sin-
 "cerity."

I then put her in Mind of my Friend-
 ship for Margrove; that I had also per-
 mitted her to see his Letter which I re-
 ceived from Halifax; that he loved one
 of my Sisters was not to be doubted; and
 that I supposed it was she, who was so
 tenderly and faithfully esteemed by my
 Friend: I therefore requested her to tell
 me, whether her Heart were favourable
 to him.

"Brother," returned Adelaide, "al-
 "though I did not expect you would
 "speak to me on such a Subject, yet I
 "will tell you my Sentiments with the ut-
 "most

“ most Sincerity.—Augustus Margrove is
 “ an amiable and virtuous Character : His
 “ Merit has obtained for him the Esteem
 “ of his Acquaintance, and justifies the
 “ sincere Friendship which you profess for
 “ him. Greatly have I felt for the Mis-
 “ fortunes of his Parents, which have now
 “ exposed him to encounter all the Diffi-
 “ culties of a Voyage so long and hazar-
 “ dous. I pity, I sincerely pity him ; my
 “ ardent Wishes are for his safe and pro-
 “ sperous Return : These are the Dictates
 “ of Friendship and Esteem. Love is an
 “ involuntary Passion, and notwithstanding
 “ I acknowledge the Virtues and Merit
 “ of Augustus, yet my Heart can never
 “ be his ; and I therefore hope your Con-
 “ jectures are wrong.”

During this Discourse Villeroi continu-
 ed to look at me with Attention ; he be-
 held how much my Mind was agitated ;
 he saw too the Joy which now appeared in
 my Looks.—“ De Biron,” said he, “ till

"this Moment I have remained a Stranger
 "to your Sentiments; but I now suspect
 "that you love Adelaide: Am I right?
 "Surely you may without any Impropri-
 "ety tell me, and I have Reasons to wish
 "you to be explicit."

Yes, Eugene, I acknowledge I have
 long loved your Sister, the amiable Ade-
 laide; but though she is more dear to me
 than Life, yet I would not obtain her
 Hand by any Means which can be deemed
 dishonourable. I am sensible that my
 present Situation cannot allow me to hope
 that you should be an Advocate in my
 Behalf. I am an Exile; the greatest Part
 of my Fortune irrecoverably lost; for I
 never think of returning to a Kingdom,
 stained with the Blood of my intimate
 Friends: But how, Eugene, shall I con-
 quer a Passion so firmly rivetted by often
 beholding the Virtues and Accomplish-
 ments of your Sister? "May that Sister,"
 returned Villeroi, "think so highly of
 "your

“your Merit as I hope and expect; and
 “then I shall rejoice to have still a better
 “Title to call you Brother. Do not think
 “so meanly of me, as to suppose your
 “Loss of Fortune can be any Obstacle:
 “Your Income is sufficient; and should
 “Adelaide consent to be your’s, her For-
 “tune will be considerable; but, Adol-
 “phus, if you be successful, one Favour
 “I must request of you; let it not be
 “publicly known, until Margrove’s Re-
 “turn: I shall then soon discover, whether
 “or no Adelaide be the Object of his
 “Affection; if so, I must use every Ar-
 “gument to compose his Mind. At some
 “convenient Opportunity, you shall fully
 “know the young Man’s Story; and then
 “you will see how necessary my Caution
 “is to you. In the mean Time my Mo-
 “ther and Mr. Stanley shall be made ac-
 “quainted with our Conversation, and I
 “will bring you their Answer.”—I have
 written thus far, and am now anxiously ex-
 pecting Villeroi to send for me.

54 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

IN CONTINUATION.

Bruce, what Nation in the World can deny that Generosity is characteristical of the English? Of this Truth my distressed Countrymen are receiving daily Proofs: Among the rest I am an Example.— Mr. Stanley sent for me, and I repaired to his Closet; “Adolphus,” said the generous Friend, “Villeroi having acquainted his Mother and me with the Honour you have done us by distinguishing Adelaide; I am to acquaint you with our intire Approbation. I cannot suppose my Ward can resist a Gentleman of your Merit. Let not the Loss of Fortune give you a Moment’s Pain. You are now an Englishman, and I trust the Balance is greatly in your Favour. My Fortune is sufficient to remove every Inconvenience which the French Faction has reduced you to. You have our Leave to acquaint Adelaide with our Intentions in your Favour.”

With

With a Heart oppressed with Gratitude, what could I return to so much Goodness? Mr. Stanley would not permit me to mention the Word Obligation: He only desired, that, on Margrove's Account, his Approbation of me might not be known, until Villeroi had seen his Friend.

I have seen Adelaide, and have declared to her my Love, which is sanctioned by her Mother and Mr. Stanley. My dear Bruce, I have Reason to hope that I have an Interest in her Heart. How happy does the pleasing Thought make me, and how much do I wish Margrove to return! If Adelaide be the Person to whom he has given his Heart, I shall pity him exceedingly.

We think of our Journey, and expect to set forward in a few Days, when I shall be happy to render you any Service—I have a Scheme in my Thoughts which may tend to free Miss Campbell from her

Admirer,

Admirer.—Tell Captain M—— that I thank him for his Letter, and the generous Offers which he repeated: Tell him that I will tune my oaten Reed, and sing in rustic Strains the Deeds of the gallant and humane Cornwallis.

I remain, my dear Bruce,

Your affectionate Friend

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER LIII.

MADAME D——

TO

MARIA HENLEY.

OUR Journey to Scotland proved exceedingly agreeable, and our Reception very cordial. I am quite charmed with this Scotch Family. The Captain presently gained

gained my good Opinion; his Looks declare his Profession. You may see he has been accustomed to command others; yet so much Good-nature accompanies every Word he speaks, and so much Chearfulness animates his Countenance, that you cannot wonder at my being delighted with his Conversation; especially as I see it tends so much to enliven my poor Henry's dejected Spirits.

Mrs. Bruce is a very agreeable Woman. Their Affection for their Nephew is truly paternal. This young Gentleman is the intimate Friend of De Biron, and I believe never Friendship was more sincere on both Sides. Mr. Bruce is genteel in Person, and engaging in Manner, with a Mind well cultivated by Education.

It must be allowed that Captain M— has Singularities; but his Friends have every Reason to be indulgent to them, since they are balanced with so many good Qualities.

Qualities. His Friend Mr. Sinclair seems justly intitled to the Respect of his Friends: Nor must I forget in the Groupe Captain M——'s humble Friend, honest Archy. The generous Tar is sensible of the Protection which is afforded him, and his Attention to oblige his Benefactor is unre-mitted.

I am highly pleased with the Captain's Collection of Ships, which is Archy's Charge, as well as a great Number of Drawings, some of which are admirable: In short I am so much pleased with our Friends at Clydesdale, that I shall be very glad to introduce you to their Acquaintance. By some Hints which Adolphus has given, Mr. Bruce is in Love with a fair Lady at some Distance from hence.

The Emigrants met with much Attention from all Captain M——'s Friends. A Lady, whose Name is Mrs. Campbell, recollecting something of De Biron's Mother,

ther,

ther, has sent him a Card of Invitation; so I suppose our Acquaintance in this Country will soon be extensive. The Gentlemen mean to make an Excursion to Edinburgh, Glasgow, &c.

Present my respectful Compliments to Sir Charles and Lady Morton, and pray do not fail to inquire for my Cousin Willmore. I know Mr. Stanley will have the Goodness to visit him sometimes. I cannot say I can enjoy any real Peace of Mind, until my Sisters be safely arrived in England, and my Henry's Parents in some more eligible Abode, than the distracted City of Paris can afford. I shall expect your punctual Correspondence.— Consider we poor Emigrants must look up to our English Friends for Consolation; Henry D—— being such, his good or bad Fortunes must equally affect

Your

MATILDA D——.

LET-

60 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

LETTER LIV.

MONSIEUR VILLEROI

TO THE

REVEREND MR. STANLEY.

THE Letters of my honoured Friend are always received with Pleasure by his obliged Eugene. I rejoice at the Satisfaction which you express on being once more settled in your native Country; and from all I have seen of this favoured Isle, I am induced to give it the Preference on many Accounts; and I am fully persuaded that a Traveller may often meet with many Places worthy his Notice. As you have seen very little of this Part of Great Britain, you request me to give you my Observations. Perhaps when I have had more Time to look about me, I may endeavour to give you some Idea of what I have seen.

I am just returned from an Excursion
to

to Edinburgh; but as our Stay was very short, I could only take a cursory View of this City, and its venerable Castle. I was much pleased with the rude Majesty of its Appearance. The Prospect from this ancient Fortrefs is very extensive: It overlooks the City with the new Town and its Environs; the View is also enriched by the River Forth, the Shipping, and the opposite Coast of Fife, and even the Prospect of Hills which border upon the Highlands. I think you would be pleased with the Hospital which is called Herriot's Work. It is supposed to be one of the finest Specimens, which Inigo Jones has left us of his Gothic Manner.

As Captain M—— is very desirous of seeing you, my dear Sir, I wish you to comply with his Request. The benevolent Temper, and the generous Disposition of this Gentleman would recommend him to your Esteem; and besides, I am of Opinion, that you would find much A-

amusement in this Country from examining the Remains of Roman, Pictish, and Scotch Antiquities. I am informed that many druidical Monuments and Temples are discernible in the northern Parts of Scotland.

I acknowledge your Reasonings on the Case of Willmore to be perfectly just, and I join with my honoured Preceptor in wishing a final Period to a Custom which no Argument can defend. Your own good Heart will dictate to you the best Methods of soothing his Mind, though I think he never can be restored to Tranquillity.

I am exceedingly obliged to Mr. Henley for every Mark of his Friendship.—The Compliments he pays me are due to my respected Friend and Guardian, since all the Merit I can boast is derived from your Precepts and Example, which can never fail to excite in my Mind Sentiments

ments of the most lively Gratitude, and the most perfect Esteem.

Monsieur D—— has received such dreadful Accounts from France as make the most callous Heart shudder; for now

“Unchain’d Bellona from her temple rushes,

“With all the crimes, and vices in her train.

“Earth fades at her approach.”——

Thomson’s Coriolanus.

My Sister must not return to Paris.— Henry D—— is a worthy young Man, and has not in the smallest Degree contributed to disturb the Peace of his Country; but his Presence at Paris cannot promote the Attainment of his Wishes, which are, that his Country may arrive at such a permanent Establishment in her Government, as that which the British Empire now enjoys.

If it should meet your Approbation, at some convenient Time I could wish to

64 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

make a Tour through the Island of Great Britain, but of this some other Time.—
Your Approbation will always give Pleasure to

Your obliged and affectionate Friend
EUGENE VILLEROI.

LETTER LV.

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY

TO

MONSIEUR VILLEROI.

WERE I not detained by indispensable Business, I would immediately accept Captain M——'s repeated Invitations.—
Having never been far beyond the Banks of the Tweed, I promise myself great Pleasure in making a Tour through some Parts of Scotland. In the mean Time, the Observations you are making will be

of Service to me in pointing out Places
worthy Observation.

I approve of your Design of making
the Tour of Great Britain. Do not sup-
pose that any Thing, which can render
you happy, will fail of my Concurrence.
I wish you to be well acquainted with a
Country, now your own, and to which
you are under the greatest Obligations,
since it afforded an Asylum to your wor-
thy Father, and gave Birth to a Mother
whom you have every Reason to love and
respect.

I would, my dear Eugene, have you
sensible of the Advantages you enjoy in
calling England your Country. Our Con-
stitution should be your particular Study.
You know it is the Admiration and Envy
of the whole World. And yet, even at
this Moment, when by the peculiar Bles-
sing of Providence this Nation is almost
a single Exception in Europe from the

Power of Despotism, or from the Evils arising from Anarchy, there are Men, who under the Mask of Patriotism would demolish the beautiful and well compacted Fabric, which it has been the Work of Ages to erect, which has been cemented by the Blood of our Ancestors, and which ought never to be parted with but together with our own.

Foremost in this daring Attempt is Thomas Paine, who began his political Career by publishing *Common Sense*, a Book which is as much a Libel on the Title it assumes, as his *Rights of Man* is on the Constitution of his Country. It was this seditious and inflammatory Book, which incited our Fellow-subjects in America to shake off their constitutional Dependence on the Parent State, and to dismember the British Empire.—His next Atchievement was the Revolution in France; for he glories in being an Instrument of bringing all the present Calamities on that devoted

devoted Country: And to fill up the measure of his Iniquity, he is now indefatigable in his Attempts to poison the public Mind, and to subvert our happy Constitution. Hereditary Monarchy he condemns; Subordination and Rank he laughs at; and the House of Commons, in which the greatest Property, profoundest Wisdom, and most splendid Talents are concentrated, he wishes to convert into a National Assembly, similar to that of France, an Assembly as destitute of Wisdom as of Property, and more destitute of Integrity than of either. Wild and absurd as his Notions are, he has the Plaudits even of some, who must perish in the Catastrophe, if the Tragedy now presented to the World on the Stage of France should be transferred to the Theatre of England.

His Doctrine that all Men are equal, and his levelling System which he builds upon it are not novel. The turbulent and

and the factious have often adopted them as an Engine to work upon the Multitude, to irritate the discontented, and delude the ignorant.

It is recorded by the Roman Historian, that at a very early Period of the Empire this Doctrine had been too successfully infused into the Minds of the Plebeians.— They had been taught by their factious Leaders, that all Men were equal, and that the meanest of their Order had as good a Right to be Governors, as the Patricians, in whose Hands the Constitution had vested the supreme Power of the State. Under this Delusion, they withdrew from the City, erected the Standard of Rebellion, and were soon augmented so much in Number, as to threaten the most dreadful Calamities to their Country,— In this critical Conjunction Menenius Agrippa disarmed them of their Fury, and brought them back to a Sense of their Duty, by applying to them the famous

Apologue

Apologue of the Schism in the Body natural.

In Times of old, when every Part of the Body could think for itself, and each had a separate Will of its own; they all, with common Consent, resolved to revolt against the Belly: They knew no Reason; they said, why they should toil from Morning 'till Night in its Service, while the Belly, in the mean Time, lay at its Ease in the midst of them all, and indolently grew fat upon their Labours: Accordingly, one and all, they agreed to befriend it no more. The Feet vowed they would carry it no longer; the Hands vowed they would feed it no longer; and the Teeth averred they would not chew a Morsel of Meat, though it were placed between them. Thus resolved, they all, for some Time, shewed their Spirit, and kept their Word; but soon they found, that, instead of mortifying the Belly by these Means, they only undid themselves; they languished

languished for awhile, and perceived, when too late, that it was owing to the Belly, that they had Strength to work or Courage to mutiny.—This beautiful Fable is perhaps a better Answer to Mr. Paine's Rights of Man, than a laboured Confutation.

I will not say that our Constitution is perfect (for what human Institution is so?) But this I will venture to assert, that it comes nearer to Perfection than any other, whether ancient or modern. It is that very compounded Constitution, which Cicero* pronounced to be the best of any, and of which Tacitus† declared that it was rather to be admired in Theory, than expected in Practice.

Modern political Writers of other Countries, who are best acquainted with it, are most lavish in their Encomiums. Of the Truth of this Montesquieu and De

* In his fragments de rep. l. 2.

† Ann. l. 4.

De Lolme are pregnant Instances; the former of whom does us no more than Justice, when he asserts, that Great Britain enjoys a greater Share of civil Liberty, than falls to the Lot of any other Country on the habitable Globe. As to religious Liberty, it is secured by a just and equitable Toleration, which is as extensive, as is compatible with the Safety of the established Church.

The French have carried their Liberty to Excess, and what has been the Consequence? Instead of enjoying their Freedom, they perish in their Licentiousness. Our Persons are safe, our Property is protected, our Commerce is extended beyond the Example of former Ages, and Accumulation of Wealth encouraged. What would we have more? And yet we have more: We have on the Throne a King, as ready to give Life to any Law for the public Good, as his People can best ask it, who takes no Pleasure in his Power,

but

but in making it beneficial to his Country; who then only thinks he reigns, when he can do Good to Mankind, and who is in Reality what he is politically stiled, **THE FATHER OF HIS PEOPLE.**

This is not a flowery Description of our Happiness, traced by the Pencil of Fancy upon the Canvas of a warm Imagination, but it is a Truth felt and acknowledged by every discerning and candid Englishman. — Mr. Paine endeavours to impress upon the Public a Wish to substitute, for the happy Constitution they enjoy, a Plan founded on what is absurdly called the *Rights of Man*, a Plan which never existed any where but in the Imagination of the wildest Visionary. Unless we are tired of being happy, we shall hold fast the Blessings we enjoy, and trust to no theoretical Remedies.

The civil Liberty we enjoy, fruitful of so many Blessings, has long produced, and will

will continue to produce, Creatures of this pestilent Tribe. Thus excellent Causes are sometimes attended with pernicious Effects. We see the same Thing in the natural World; for the Sun, which cheers the Earth, calls forth the Viper's Venom.

This hath been called the Age of Refinement and Philosophy—a Philosophy, which terminates in airy Speculations, in Scepticism and Infidelity: And a Refinement, which undermines the Pillars of Society, and carries us back to a state of Nature and Barbarism. One might say to the Philosopher:

“ Mistaken man, philosophy consists not

“ In airy schemes and idle speculations:

“ The rule and conduct of all social life

“ Is her great province.” —

Thomson.

I beg Pardon for being so prolix; but as I have the Subject very much at Heart, I know you will excuse this Effusion of

VOL. II.

H

Loyalty.

Loyalty. When turbulent Men are so industrious in disseminating Sedition through the Land, every good Subject, and every true Patriot ought to be as vigilant to incite in himself, and in his Neighbour, that Obedience to the Laws, and Respect to the chief Magistrate, which may secure and promote Concord and Quiet.

Your Cousin Willmore takes up much of my Attention. He claims my Pity. His feeling Mind retains the Sense of his former Errors. "Ah! my Friend," said he, "I mean to make your Eugene the Heir to my Fortune; may he make a better Use of it than I have done; yet it must be owned, he has had an Advantage, which I could not boast: He has in you, Mr. Stanley, a Friend to admonish, and watch over his Youth."

Yes, Villeroi, I claim that Privelege; it was transferred to me by your Father:

His

His Misfortunes introduced him to my Acquaintance, and his Virtues gave him a Claim to my Friendship; and I often reflect on the Satisfaction my estimable Friend would have found, in beholding his Son a Man of Honour and a Friend to Virtue. That Satisfaction now becomes my own. I behold you with parental Regard, and next to yourself the amiable De Biron and his Friend share in my Affection. I can by no Means consent to Matilda's leaving Great Britain. The distracted State of France forbids such a Measure. Unhappy Country! I feel for your Distresses; and thank Heaven for the Welfare and Prosperity of my native Land: The Continuance of its Felicity is, the first Wish of my Heart. In these Sentiments my Villeroi, I am convinced is ready to join with his

Sincere Friend

FREDERIC STANLEY.

LETTER LVI.

MADAME D——

TO

MISS HENLEY.

I Have just now received your Letter. Pray, dear Maria, do not be offended, when instead of answering your Questions, I must entreat you to hear me on a Subject which has for two whole Hours employed my Thoughts. Now, I suppose, you are ready to ask what important Subject could have so much Power over your giddy Friend; I answer Politics: Yes, Maria, Politics; and, as I do not think proper to deliver my Opinions in Public, I must insist upon your giving me proper Attention on a Matter, which I think, concerns every body, high, and low, rich, and poor. Take this by way of Preface. Now you are to know I am just returned from a Visit. Luckily Captain M—— did not go with us, for the Conversation would have
 been

been very unpleasing to him. The Revolution has made not only the Men, but the Ladies also profound Politicians, and to those whose Minds are tinctured with Spleen, Ill-nature, and with that sort of malicious Pleasure which delights in human Miseries, it affords the finest Opportunity to vent the Rancour of their Hearts. Some in a verbal Manner point out to you the Necessity of all this Murder and Carnage: Others snatch the Pen, and write, as if one of the Furies dictated every Line.

One of these diabolical Publications became the Topic. Its Title the "Rights of Man," and its Author, a Mr. Paine, who, it seems, finds Politics to be a better Trade than Stay-making. This Gentleman very gravely advises the good People of England to destroy our happy Constitution, which has for Ages given us the Pre-eminence over every other Country in the World. His Plan is to dethrone the

best of Kings, and extirpate Monarchy. All Distinctions of Rank in Society he reprobates, and would therefore persuade us without Ceremony to annihilate the House of Peers, which has been found by Experience to be the most effectual Barrier against the Tyranny of the Crown, and the Madness of the People. And in exchange for the substantial Happiness we enjoy, he would substitute the new Constitution in France, that is, the Government of a Rabble, and the never failing Consequences, all the Blessings of Anarchy. And can the Mind of Man not only harbour such wild Imaginations, and such shocking Principles, but dare to obtrude them on the World? What a rancorous, what a horrid Disposition, composed of all the jarring Elements, and attached to every Thing which can promote the Work of Destruction.

This, Maria, has been the Subject of my Reflections. A good Mind starts back
with

with Horror at the Thoughts of rendering one human Being miserable. On the contrary, Mr. Paine is contriving how to destroy Thousands.

"In his black thoughts, revenge and slaughter
"roll;

"And scenes of blood rise dreadful in his soul."

Pope's Homer.

Heaven will, I hope, render all such criminal Endeavours abortive. Well now, Maria, I have vented my Indignation. Can you think it is unwarrantable? Let me have your Thoughts on the Subject. In order to bring myself to good Humour again, I will make a short Visit to a very agreeable Neighbour, and on my Return finish my Letter.

IN CONTINUATION.

Among the many good Qualities which distinguish Captain M—— is the Sincerity of his Friendship which is far from changing

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ing with the Caprice of Fortune. Of this he has given a Proof in his Conduct towards a Gentleman of ruined Fortune. The Captain fought for him along while, before he could discover his Retreat. Having at last found the worthy Mr. Lawford, the Captain prevailed upon him to accept of his good Offices, which are conferred in such a Manner, that he almost seems to be the Person obliged. Mrs. Lawford acquitted herself so well in Adversity, that her Behaviour endeared her to her Friends.

Captain M—— has fitted up a neat House at some Distance from hence, where the amiable Pair reside. Mr. L—— has a Relation very rich, but withal of a sordid Disposition. The Name of this Miser is Vosgarth: I see him sometimes at his Kinsman's, and am supposed to be very much in his Favour. He is one of those Persons, who would find some Difficulty to assign a Reason for their Conduct;
cruel

cruel, and hard-hearted to themselves, merely for the Purposes of accumulating Riches. Such is Mr. Vosgarth, of whom the best that can be said is, that he is negatively good, for it does not appear that he ever did any positive Harm. Such Characters are often to be met with in the World. Though I be not allowed to say that Mr. Vosgarth is an exceeding bad Man, yet I am very angry with him, and so will you too, if I can prevail upon you to come and see Mrs. Lawford with

Your

MATILDA D—.

LET

LETTER LVII.

MISS HENLEY

TO

MADAME D_____.

OFFENDED with you, my dear Madam! I rather applaud your Resentment. The Peace and Happiness of the World in general, and our own Country in particular, ought to have a due Interest in the Mind of every Person. I have not seen (nor ever wish to see) the Publication you mention. I have however, heard enough about it to despise and hate the wretched Production and its Author. To me it appears that every Peasant in this Country could refute his foolish System. For my own Part, my dear Madam, I can truly say, (and I am confident, a great Majority in the Nation will say the same,) that there is no Appellation in all the Vocabulary of English Titles, so hateful to my Ears as the Name of Paine.

When

When imperial Nero from his Tower beheld Rome in Flames, he exulted at the glorious Mischief, enjoyed the Conflagration which he had kindled, and heard with Delight the Voice of Terror, and the Shrieks of Distress resound through the affrighted Capital of the World.—Akin to Nero's, are the malevolent, the diabolical Pleasures of Thomas Paine.

May our united wishes for the Welfare of our Country be always granted, and may every seditious Libel meet with the Contempt it deserves.

Captain M—— is a worthy Character, and therefore his Behaviour to his Friends in Adversity is perfectly consistent. As to your Miser, do not flatter your Henry (if he never were acquainted with one before now) that he is a new Character; for he is of high Antiquity, as I think you seem to allow. Mr. Cowley is very severe on Mr. Vosgarth's Order, and pronounces

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nounces that he is a Slave to Mammon without Wages, and quotes the following Line from Ovid,

"Much is wanting to Luxury, all to Avarice."

And Mr. Cowley adds, there is no Vice has been so pelted with good Sentences, especially by the Poets. Now, perhaps, this may be accounted for easily enough, when we consider what a vast Number of Poets were destitute of any Riches to hoard, and even those who were well received by the World, seldom met with any great Rewards, until they were in a Condition to be no longer sensible of them.

My Father and Sir Charles are much pleased with Archy's Drawing. We shall be glad to receive any other Productions of his Pencil. If you will allow me to propose a Subject, I wish to see Something like the following—

Britannia,

Britannia, may appear attended by Minerva, Apollo, Ceres, and Pomona, with the proper Emblems of Peace and Plenty. Fortitude, with the Genius of Britannia, pointing at Envy, Faction, and Discord, bound in Chains. This will be very acceptable to

Your

MARIA HENLEY,

LETTER LVIII.

MADAME D—

TO

MONSIEUR D—.

Paris.

WHAT a Question does my dear Son ask? Whether I approve of his Return? Ah! no, Henry, by no Means

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whatever,

whatever, unless you would add to Sorrows already insupportable. Shall I invite my amiable Daughter to a Country, when such is the present calamitous State, that the Tears of Sensibility are continually demanded? Many are the Victims offered up to the Shrine of Discord: Their Relations and Friends are left to bewail their Fate in all the bitterness of Anguish. My Heart shares in their Affliction.

Henry, were not Frenchmen supposed to be the most polite and refined People in the World? What Traces can we now discover of that Pre-eminence? Surely such repeated Acts of ferocious Cruelty must oblige us to own, that our boasted Refinement was only like Varnish bestowed on Iron, for our real Disposition seems fitted to an Iron Age. The Fate of the unhappy D—— too fully proves the Truth of my Assertions. I will resign the Pen to your Father; for I am too sensibly affected to proceed.

Monsieur

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 87

*Monsieur D—— Senior to Henry, in
Continuation.*

I will not harrow up your Thoughts with a Description of the tragical Catastrophe of your Friend. Future Ages will read with Astonishment the many horrid Scenes presented in this great Drama called the French Revolution. Where will our Calamities end? The unjustifiable Measures, which have been adopted to remove some Evils, were calculated to introduce real and substantial Misery. You are already informed of these Measures, therefore I shall not recapitulate; yet, if you will allow me to make a Comparison, it is something like the fabled Cadmus, who, having sown the Serpents' Teeth, soon beheld embattled Armies in martial Array arise from the Plain. The dire Conflict began, which did not cease

"Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd"

I have the Consolation however of re-

reflecting that I never contributed to the Mis-
 fortunes of my Country. I am a Friend to
 Liberty when she appears with that decent
 Propriety, which distinguished her among
 the Ancients, and which now adorns her in
 the British Island. Generous People! you
 will not aggravate our Distress by taking any
 Part against us. How different was our
 Conduct, when we lately saw you weakened
 by intestine Divisions, and engaged in an un-
 fortunate War with your Colonies, which
 terminated in the Dismemberment of your
 Empire! Our Professions were pacific, but
 our Measures were hostile. At the Moment
 we were renewing the most solemn Promises
 of Friendship, we were secretly assisting your
 American Subjects; till at last, in Violation
 of every Principle of Honour, and the most
 sacred Obligation of Treaty, we threw off
 the Mask, and commenced your open Ene-
 mies. By our Address the Spaniards and
 Dutch were leagued against you; and our
 Intrigues gave Birth to the armed Neu-
 trality in the North. Future Ages will
 be

be amazed at the glorious Stand you made against such a powerful Confederacy.—

Whatever were your Losses, at the Time, you soon retrieved your Credit and your Consequence, and are now arrived at an enviable Pitch of Felicity.

But what was the Consequence of our Treachery to ourselves? Alas! all the Misery we now groan under originated from our unjust and unprovoked Interference in that War. It was in America that our People were first possessed with the Spirit of Liberty, or rather with the Demon of Licentiousness. This evil Genius, imported to France, and uniting with Infidelity (the spontaneous Production of our Country) has engendered a pernicious Brood of Evils, that are the Bane of Social Happiness, and the natural Offspring, of such a Connexion.— For my own Part, I cannot help considering our present Calamities as the just Judgment of Heaven for our Perfidy.

Such, my dear Henry, are the Effects of Machiavelian Politics! Such is the Reward of our national Dishonesty! May it be a Lesson to future Ages!

In State Concerns, as well as in private Life, the Line of Justice and the Line of Interest are coincident; and the good old Proverb will, in all Cases, be eventually verified, that HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Heaven only knows where will be the end of our Misery. Great Britain, notwithstanding all our Baseness, is too good to retaliate, too noble to be vindictive. Generous People! You scorn to take an undue Advantage of our Distresses; and this eventful Moment, big with the Fate of France, gives full Scope for the Display of your Magnanimity. We have long been your natural Enemies, yet we are your fellow Mortals. Look, therefore, ye Sons of Britain, on the awful Scene,
which

which France now presents to your View, with Sentiments worthy your Character. Regard the passing Events in awful Silence, and turn our Calamities to your own Advantage, by a due Thankfulness to Providence for the Blessings you enjoy under your well-formed and excellent Constitution. Your Sovereign deserves all that my Countryman Rollin says of a good Prince in the following Words. "He loves his People and is beloved by them, he enjoys a perfect Tranquillity within himself, and lives with his Subjects as a Father with his Children."

As to what concerns you, my Son, what can I say, but that parental Affection would rather you should remain a Fugitive, than, to share in Miseries which you cannot prevent? I know you love your King and Country; but the Times are too sanguinary for you to take an active Part; in you are centered all the Hopes of my old Age. Would it, think
you,

you, be prudent for a Person who had preserved a Treasure to solace and support his declining Age, to deliver it up to Plunder and Rapine? Would he not rather, when pressed by Danger, convey it to a Place of Security? Such is my Case in regard to you, Henry, and my beloved Matilda. I look up to Monsieur De Biron to soften the Affliction of my Son. He is happily settled in England, as is Monsieur Villeroi, for whom I have a high Respect as well as for his Family, in which I include Mr. Stanley. My grateful Thanks are due to Captain M—— for his Attention to you. I esteem his Character. His Love for his Country is commendable: In that consists true Patriotism. He will therefore sympathise with you when you lament the present unhappy State of France. May she soon emerge from this Abyss of Misery and experience the Blessings which are derived from Peace and a well ordered Government!

I shall

I shall then with Joy greet the Return
of my Children

To their affectionate

HENRY D——.

LETTER LIX.

MADAME D——

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

NEVER did I wish for my Antoinette so much as at this Time. You would join with me in composing the Mind of my amiable Henry.—The Miseries of his Country are endless; he had always flattered himself that every Thing would terminate happily; but alas! it appears a Business of a very complicated Nature, and replete with every Species of Horror. Monsieur D—— sometime ago lost one
of

of his Friends, who fell a Victim to party Rage. Another has lately shared the same Fate, who, it seems, was a very amiable Character, and for that Reason it was more than savage Barbarity which informed the Hearts of his Destroyers: My Henry grieves much for his Friend, and I sympathise in his Sorrows. Can I do less for a Person so deservedly dear to me. The Gentlemen do all they can to amuse him. Monsieur De Biron and his Friend Bruce have engaged him to make a little Journey through the Highlands. Mr. Sinclair and a Mr. Lawford, who is our Neighbour, and much respected by Captain M——, are to conduct the Expedition. Eugene has received a Letter from Mr. Stanley which obliges him to return to the North of England. I fancy we shall all soon begin to think of going thither. The Ladies summon me to walk with Captain M——. At my Return I will again have a little Conversation with my Antoinette,

IN CONTINUATION.

We have had a very pleasant Walk; At Tea, Captain M—— related to us one of his Adventures in Quebec, which I will transmit to you; but first let me tell you how this Story was introduced. The Captain with his usual Good-nature lamented Monsieur D——'s Affliction, and deplored the Source of his Grief. Pardon me, Madame, said the worthy Man, can all this Ferocity of Mind belong to Frenchmen? Were not they the People, who, by general Consent, were allowed to fix the Criterion of Politeness? Did they not esteem us as a rude unpolished Nation? That they did so I am very certain from my own Experience, especially on an Occasion which now occurs to my Memory; and which if it be agreeable I will relate. We all requested he would favour us with the Story, and he proceeded as follows.——

“I was

"I was," said he, "at the Reduction of Quebec, which was purchased with the Loss of that youthful Hero the brave and gallant Wolfe. The British Arms having proved victorious, when the Capitulation was finally agreed to, I went on Shore; and after viewing Quebec in Company with some other Officers, we extended our Walk beyond the Limits of the City. In passing through a Wood I happened to be at some Distance from my Companions. To my great Surprise a very beautiful young Lady suddenly started up before me, and throwing herself at my Feet, implored my Mercy in the most pathetic Accents.

The Mournful Address was spoken in French; I answered her in the same Language. Quit, I beseech you, Madam, said I, this humiliating Posture: I am a British Captain, and came hither to support the Honour of my Sovereign: To invade the Rights of Humanity would be
the

the Means of fixing an indelible Stain on the British Name. Tell me, I conjure you, Madam, from whence can arise your Apprehensions? and why you address me, as if you beheld in me a savage Monster of Barbarity. I may surely be allowed to rejoice at the Success of our Arms; yet I most sincerely feel for private Distresses, and am ready to afford you my Protection. The Lady in accounting for this unexpected Meeting and Address was obliged to own, that, during the Siege, the English had been represented to them in the most unfavourable Colours; and that when the Town was about to surrender, she with several Ladies more fled to the Wood, being determined to encounter any Sort of Hardships or Danger, rather than fall into the Hands of such rude and barbarous Enemies. Impelled by Self-preservation her Companions had left her almost fainting with Fatigue and Terror. Having passed the Night in this deplorable Situation, she was now wandering

dering about in hopes of meeting some Friend to procure her Sustainance, and to conduct her to some Place of Safety; she added, that her Father had lately been a Captain in the French Army. He was no more. Her Brother was in a distant Part of America, so that her whole Dependence was on an Uncle and Aunt, who, she supposed had fled in the general Consternation. So that on every Account her Situation was deplorable, which she trusted, would intitle her to my Protection. That, Madam, said I, is readily granted; I will conduct you to Quebec, and will endeavour to alleviate your Misfortunes which the Chance of War has unavoidably produced: Several English Gentlemen are in the Wood at this Time, and their Characters are such as would effectually disprove the Prejudices you have entertained: But no more of this unpleasant Subject. I will hasten with you to the City. Indeed the Lady seemed scarce able to support herself.

On my return to Quebec, I found that the Friends of Marianne had retired from thence. I conducted her to one of her intimate Acquaintances, in whose Family she was kindly received; but I insisted on taking on myself the Expence of accommodating her with proper Necessaries, of which, she was in a Manner become destitute. She expressed her Gratitude, and was ashamed of her unjust Prejudices. For my own Part, I was happy to have it in my Power to relieve a Lady so justly intitled to Respect, being of an amiable Disposition, and a truly virtuous Character. Marianne was engaged to a French Gentleman whom Business of Importance detained in Paris.

During my Stay at Quebec, I often visited the worthy Family, who had so kindly received my fair Charge whose Sentiments now were quite in Favour of the British Nation.

Ah! my generous Friend, said Marianne, will you allow me to call you by that Name? Can you forgive my unjust Opinions? I assured her of my Friendship, and though I was hurt at the unfair Drawing of my national Character, no part of my Resentment was due to her, since she had Reason to be alarmed. When I was ready for sailing, I wrote to Marianne, bidding her farewell. I received an Answer filled with Expressions of Gratitude and good Wishes for my Country, under whose Government Quebec was now established.

Many Years had elapsed, when the American War called for my Exertions. I went to the Relief of Quebec, and we happily effected that Service to the great Joy of the Inhabitants, who always continued firm in their Attachment to the British Government.

I now recollected Marianne, and found
 she

she was married to the French Gentleman, whom I have already mentioned, and settled at a great distance from Quebec. I dispatched a Messenger with a Letter to her which was received with the utmost Joy. She came immediately to Quebec, accompanied by her Husband. Their Gratitude was such, that I was under the necessity of telling them, that they very much overrated the Services which I had rendered an amiable and virtuous young Lady: It was no more than was becoming a Man of the least Honour; and as they had now lived so many Years secure and happy under the Government of a Sovereign whom I had the Honour to serve, their Prejudices must have long since vanished. They assured me of their Loyalty and firm Attachment to their King. I detained them with me several Days, and had an Opportunity of introducing them to an extraordinary Visitor. This was an Indian Chief. He had come from an immense Distance on Purpose to

take a View of the Ship I commanded. He brought an Interpreter with him. The whole Behaviour of this Chief gave me Reason to think him an intelligent and sensible Man. He was very curious in observing every Thing in my Ship, which he regarded with much apparent Admiration. When any Thing particularly took his Attention, he laid his Finger on his Lips, signifying that he could not express his Astonishment. He very much admired the Ship's Colours, and seemed to wish I would give him the Ensign. That was not in my Power, as we had none besides. I however thought of a way to gratify this brave Indian, who professed the highest Duty and Veneration for my King, calling him Father.— I therefore got a Quantity of Stuff of the proper Colours and ordered an Ensign to be got ready for his next Visit. It was spread on the Deck, and his Interpreter acquainted him, that I requested his Acceptance of it. He seemed quite overjoyed,

ed, and wrapping himself in the Ensign declared, that if my King should want his Services he would take up the War-hatchet against his Enemies, on which Occasion he would wear the Ensign he had so much desired. We parted very much pleased with each other, and in a few Days after Marianne and her Husband bade me adieu."

Well, Ladies, I have told you this Story by way of proving how inferior we were thought to the French Nation in Politeness and Refinement. In my humble Opinion they can no longer boast that Superiority. I sincerely feel for the Miseries in which they are involved. They set out in Pursuit of Liberty, but they have mistaken the Road; or as we Men of the Sea express ourselves, they have lost the Ship's Reckoning, and are now exposed to be buffeted by the Winds and Waves, and are in Danger of the Rocks, Shoals and Quick sands; Besides they car-

ry too much Sail on a rotten Mast.—As to you, Madam D——, now I have your Father's Sanction, I shall oppose your Return to Paris. My House shall be your Home whenever you please. Nay, I do not know but I shall take a Trip with you to England. Madame Villeroi and Miss Bruce were very much pleased with Captain M—— giving them Hopes of going to England; and I shall be very much pleased if a certain young Lady in Berne will inform me, when I may expect to see her fair Face. Now I have been scribbling to you, until I have made my Fingers ache. Madame Villeroi has sent for me.

“Matilda,” said my Mother, “are you writing to Antoinette?” Yes, Madame, I have just now been putting her in Mind, how much I wish to see her. “Then I beg,” returned my Mother, “you will superadd her Mother's Anxiety on account of her long Absence; tell her we
“ have

"have Thoughts of returning to England,
 "where I mean to settle. My Happiness
 "will not be compleat, until I see my Fa-
 "mily about me; for which Reason I
 "should suppose she will not think of re-
 "maining at Berne much longer." This
 is her positive Command, and now I
 would advise you to receive this Mandate
 as becomes a dutiful Girl, and set instant-
 ly about taking Leave of your Bernais
 Friends. As to your numerous Ac-
 quaintances, who are scattered up and
 down the Mountains of Switzerland, as
 I wish you to use Dispatch in the Business,
 you may take French Leave of them.
 You will be delighted with England.
 Monsieur D—— shall conduct you to dear
 London, which contains all that you can
 imagine of Beauty and Elegance. Write
 immediately on the Receipt of my Let-
 ter; but not a Word about delaying your
 Journey, if you do not wish to incur the
 high Displeasure of your

MATILDA D——

LET.

LETTER LX.

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

TO

MADAME D——.

YOU are very good, Matilda, to think so often of your Antoinette. I thank you for Captain M——'s Story of Marianne, and I am proud to call the brave and generous Commander my Countryman. Indeed, my dear, my Heart is quite English, although I have a proper Regard for France, as being the Birth-place of our injured and lamented Father.

It is your Duty, my dear Sister, to pay every Attention to your amiable Henry. Every virtuous and humane Heart must be sensibly affected at such repeated Instances of private and public Calamity. We are not without our share in this Country. Too many here have Reason to lament the Loss of their Friends who have
already

already fallen in the Conflict. One must be endowed with more than stoic Insensibility to think of this sad Revolution with Indifference. For my own Part, it employs my Thoughts very often. I attribute the whole to Ambition, Faction, and Envy. These baleful Passions have at all Times disturbed that Order, which is necessary for the civil Government of the World. The great Creator of the Universe has displayed in the most sublime Part of his Works the Necessity of Order. The whole planetary System proclaims this Truth. Every Planet moves round on its own Orbit, and fills a higher or a lower Sphere with exactest Regularity, and the most beautiful Harmony; for thither the destructive Passions of Envy and Ambition cannot approach.

I rejoice, my dear Sister, with you on the Prospect of our Settlement in England. Our dear Mother suffered much, during her Residence in the sultry Climate
of

of Indostan. We were then too young to share very much in her Affliction. Be it now our Task, our pleasing Task, to contribute every Thing in our Power towards promoting her Happiness. I shall obey her Commands, and Madame Altorf will obey the Dictates of Friendship in accompanying her Antoinette. I must chide you, Matilda, you say so little of Mr. Stanley in your Letter; it is well he keeps up a Correspondence with me; for you Frenchwomen are so giddy and volatile, that it is no wonder for you to forget your Friends: Now do not you deserve all this for such Neglect? To convince you that I hear sometimes from our respected Guardian, I enclose a Letter of his to a Lady, who indulged such immoderate Affliction on the Death of a favourite Child, that it justly alarmed her Friends, and rendered them very unhappy. Mr. Stanley mentioned the Circumstance and his Concern to me, and said he was about to write to her, on the Subject. I need not tell

tell you what Respect I have ever paid to his Precepts. I requested him to send me a Copy, which he did, and I herewith transmit it to you.

My dear Matilda, how happy am I at the Thoughts of seeing you. Indeed I will use Dispatch, and for once I suppose some of my Acquaintance will have reason to say that Madame D—— is not more of a Frenchwoman than

Her affectionate

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

Ah! where does Margrove wander? Why did you not mention him.—Should Eugene receive any Account from him, you will transmit a Copy.

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LETTER LXI.

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY

TO

MRS. DELVILLE.

YOU will pardon, dear Madam, all I have been obliged to say to you: It was the Voice of Friendship, though uttered in Sounds rather harsh. My Concern at beholding you absorbed in such unavailing, and, (permit me to add) unjust Sorrow, impels me to remonstrate once more on the Subject. Would you wish an Exemption from Affliction? Would you wish to sail down the Stream of Life without meeting with adverse Winds and Tides to obstruct or interrupt your Progress? If, my dear Friend, such a wish were attainable, what Occasion would there be for the exalted Qualities of Patience, Fortitude, and Resignation? What Opportunities could they have of appearing
in

in the World, were they not introduced by Affliction? I have already made Allowances for that extreme Sensibility and Tenderneſs of Heart which Heaven has in an eminent Degree beſtowed upon you: But the ſame Divine Power has alſo given you much good Senſe and ſound Judgment which I now ardently beg you will call forth. It is commendable for you to grieve with the Feelings of a fond Parent, provided it be with the Fortitude of a good Chriſtian. There was a Time, my dear Madam, when you called me to the ſame Exertions. You then, among many other Arguments, put me in Mind, that my exceſſive Grief muſt needs offend Heaven, whoſe Will it was to call the dear Object of my Sorrow to a State far tranſcending all ſublunary Happineſs. Thus am I from Experience qualified to become your Monitor. Yet after all, Madam, I think your Loſs ſo great, and ſome Meaſure of your Grief ſo deſerved, that would all your paſſionate Complaints; all

the Anguish of your Heart do any thing to retrieve it; could Tears water the lovely Plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; would Sighs furnish new Breath, or could it draw Life and Spirits from the wasting of yours; I am sure your Friends would be so far from accusing your Passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deep as they could. But, alas! the eternal Laws of the Creation extinguish all such Hopes, forbid all such Designs: Nature gives us many Children and Friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them us again.

It is true you have lost a Child, and therein all that could be lost in a Child of that Age; but you have kept many and great Blessings; you have many surviving Comforts.

For my own Part, I confess, that, I too long indulged a Sorrow which, like
yours,

yours, was unreasonable and unavailing. Reason and Religion at length convinced me of my Error. By Degrees I profited by their Admonitions, and can now thank Heaven for having afforded me such salutary Correction.

Your admired Dr. Young points out the Advantages of Affliction in the following Lines

- "If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
 "Ennobles man? What else have angels
 "learnt?)
 "Grief, more proficient in thy school are made,
 "Than genius or proud learning e'er could
 "boast."

Night Thoughts.

I know no Person more likely to become a Proficient in this School than yourself, if you will but suffer Reason to resume its Empire; if you will, in the first Place, with due Resignation submit to that Power, who hath called an earthly Being, so justly dear to you, to join the

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angelic Choirs of Harmony and Peace. In the next Place, if you consider that your surviving Children have a Claim to your Care and Kindness, and that the best of Husbands has not deserved that you should deprive him of a Wife he loves with so much Passion, and which is more with so much Reason. Are not these prevalent Reasons for you to exert your every Effort? You must, indeed, you must, dear Madam; and you will soon perceive that my Advice is consistent with Reason, and ought to meet with some Consideration, since it is dictated by Friendship.

May the sovereign Disposer of Events, who has thought fit in his Wisdom to afflict you, co-operate with your Endeavours, by administering both to you and to the most affectionate of Fathers such Consolations as are proportionable to your Trial.

I remain, Madam,
Your sincere Friend

FREDERIC STANLEY.

LETTER LXII.

MADAME D——

TO

MISS HENLEY.

MAURICE, we shall soon think of returning to England. I shall part with much Regret from my worthy Captain M—— and his Family.—I have besides contracted an Acquaintance with a very amiable young Lady, whose Company will, I am sure, be very agreeable to you, if I can prevail on her to visit us.

Captain M—— has given me his Word, that I may expect to see him and his Family in England soon after our Return thither, and I have requested that Archy may bring up the Rear.—Goodness of Heart, when ever it appears, ought to be respected; and the Person in Question is possessed of native good Sense, is a loyal Subject, and a grateful Dependant.

I took

I took Mrs. Bruce with me this Morning to see Archy at work on the Ships; Politics being not quite out of my Head, I asked the Coxswain what was his Thoughts of the French Revolution? "Why indeed, Madam," he returned, "I have often in my own Mind compared that whole Business to what happened on board this very Ship, when I belonged to her in my Youth." Pray, said Mrs. Bruce, give us the Story, on which you have grounded your Comparison. "Well then Ladies," said Archy, "I must beg Leave to say that it was some Time before I sailed with my honoured Captain, that a Mutiny was about to take place on board our Ship. The Ringleader had taken upon him to persuade some of the Ship's Company, that one Man had as much Right to be an Officer as another: So that presently they who hearkened to him, thought they had a Right to disobey Orders, and in consequence the Ship was in Danger of running on Shore."

"Shore. Well, Ladies, every Thing was
 "in Confusion both Afore and Aft, but
 "as Fortune would have it, our Com-
 "mander was a very wise Man, and I be-
 "lieve, as good a Seaman as was in the
 "Navy; well he ventured himself among
 "the Mutineers, for every Body loved
 "him too well to suffer him to be used
 "ill, and besides we were ten to one a-
 "gainst those who had listened to the
 "Nonsense which had occasioned all this
 "Disturbance. Our Captain therefore
 "told them their Duty, and Danger in
 "such a Manner, that many of them
 "shed Tears and begged ten thousand
 "Pardons. Our Captain was very mer-
 "ciful in his Temper; so he forgave
 "them, and every Thing was set to
 "Rights and we proceeded on our Voy-
 "age.

"As to the Ringleader I was a good
 "Deal surpris'd, when a little after
 "this, he made him a Boatswain's Mate;
 "but

118 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

"but as I said before, the Captain was a
 "wise Man, and could look into the
 "Heart of such ones; for no sooner had
 "this seditious Fellow got in Possession of
 "the Rattan, than he began to lay about
 "him at a most furious Rate; and one of
 "the poor Fellows whom he had seduced
 "was the first to complain of him. I had
 "the Pleasure of conducting him to the
 "Quarter-deck, and I shall never forget
 "what the Captain said to him." "O thou
 "Dionysius of Syracuse, I thought thou
 "wantedst to play the Tyrant, and such,
 "although a petty one, thou hast proved;"
 "so saying the Captain put him into
 "Irons, and some Time after ordered
 "him a good dozen or two to the great
 "Satisfaction of the Ship's Company who
 "always afterwards called this son of
 "Faction Syracuse.

"Now, Ladies," continued Archy,
 "do not you think that this Fellow, who
 "had Liberty in his Mouth and Tyran-
 "ny

"ny in his Heart, was well qualified for
"a Seat in the National Assembly?"

I have given you the Story in the
Coxswain's own Words. If you do not
understand the sea Terms, I will take
upon me to explain them to you when
we meet. Surely, Maria, Compassion
will oblige you to be very kind to me,
for you know my poor Henry is a Fugitive,
and I of course am the same. Till
Affairs are settled in France, the same
Country which afforded a Refuge to my
Father is claimed for that Purpose by

Your affectionate

MATILDA D.

LET.

LETTER LXIII.

MADAME D———

TO

ANTOINETTE VILLEROI.

I Rejoice at the Thought of soon beholding my dear Sister. Eugene is getting ready for the Purpose of conducting you hither; so I desire you will hold yourself in Readiness. My Mother is writing to your Friends. She would fain persuade them to come to England, being apprehensive that the Peace of their Country will be disturbed. Mr. Stanley is very earnest for your coming. A few Days since he made a Visit with Eugene to Harwood Hall. Mr. Harwood had just received a Letter for him under Cover from his Friend Margrove. Knowing how much you wish to be informed how Augustus proceeds in his Voyage, I shall copy his Letter. Adolphus having declared himself in Favour of Adelaide, has obtained

obtained the Consent of Madame Villeroi and our Guardian. I am quite certain that my Sister and De Biron have a reciprocal Regard for each other. However we do not permit our Expectation of being the Sisters of our Cousin to be avowed until Margrove return from his Peregrinations. Well now let me begin to transcribe the Youth's Epistle.

L E T T E R LXIV.

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE

TO

EUGENE VILLEROI.

Shelburne.

THIS City, my dear Friend, exhibits a Proof of what may be effected by Industry. It makes a very good Appearance. The Houses are mostly built of Wood, and the City is well peopled. My Attachment to Mr. Longford grows every Day more firm. We are insepara-

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ble.

ble. His Discourses all tend to strengthen my Veneration for his Character, and to improve and enlighten my Mind. I hide not a Thought from him. Yesterday I began to express some Impatience at being detained so long from Quebec, when Mr. Longford said, "your going thither now is to no Purpose." I was alarmed, and hastily asked, why, Sir? Tell me, I beseech you. "I have received Letters from Quebec," returned Mr. Longford, "by which I find that your Father is sailed from thence, on his Way to England. I expect Isabella here, and am to conduct her to a country House. I hope to present you to the generous Protector of the virtuous Orphan. I shall in a few Words tell you that my Friendship with Beville commenced at Montreal soon after your Father's Arrival in the Country. Beville soon placed a Confidence in his Canadian Acquaintance, who endeavoured to soothe his discomposed Spirits. We travelled often

“ often to the back Settlements, and became
 “ acquainted with several Indian Nations.
 “ Beville was pleased with many of their
 “ Characters, and took much Delight in
 “ instructing them. He was beloved, and
 “ I too met with Respect. One Chief in
 “ particular became much humanized, and
 “ often restrained his People from Acts of
 “ Cruelty. We continued to pay our Indi-
 “ an Acquaintance Visits, as I have in our
 “ former Conversations told you. How-
 “ ever about two Years after your Fa-
 “ ther’s Arrival at Quebec, the Indian,
 “ whom I have mentioned, in a Skirmish
 “ with a Party of Europeans, took several
 “ Prisoners whom he brought to us. A-
 “ mong them was a female Infant whose
 “ Father was slain in the Battle. Prior to
 “ this the Captain had the Misfortune to
 “ lose his Wife, whose Death was occasi-
 “ oned by Hardships and Fatigues : All
 “ these Particulars we learnt from Letters
 “ which we found in the Captains Bag-
 “ gage. The helpless Infant smiled un-
 M 2 “ conscious

“conscious of her Misfortunes. The
 “Sentiments of Pity and Compassion were
 “excited in our Minds. Your Father in
 “particular became interested in the Fate
 “of the lovely Orphan, when he recol-
 “lected the Probability of your being in
 “want of Protection.—In a Word, Be-
 “ville claimed a Right to the Care of
 “the Infant. She was carefully nurs-
 “ed, and as carefully educated as his
 “Daughter. Her filial Duty has been
 “exemplary, and it is but lately the Cir-
 “cumstances I have related have been
 “disclosed to her. Your Father imagines
 “she may find some Relations in England.
 “It is on her Account he thinks of return-
 “thither, for in any Case he is certain
 “Mrs. Harwood will grant her Protecti-
 “on, though he has never yet mentioned
 “his adopted Daughter to them. Of
 “this I am certain, your Father has ex-
 “pressed much parental Affection for
 “Isabella, and he has repeatedly exclaim-
 “ed; oh! that I could find my Son; and
 “if

"if he be a virtuous and good young
 "Man, Isabella should be indeed my
 "Daughter. Say then, Margrove, when
 "we arrive, and have the Happiness of
 "meeting your Father, will you begin
 "your Acquaintance with an Act of Dis-
 "obedience? Answer me. How will you
 "proceed? You seem to have a just and
 "proper Sense of filial Duty, and your
 "Voyage proves the Truth of your Pro-
 "fessions."

Alas! Sir, I dread the Thoughts of
 disobliging my Father, but I cannot teach
 my Heart to forget the only Lady I ever
 can love. Isabella shall be my Sister: I
 will regard her as such; nor shall my Fa-
 ther have Reason to complain at my Diso-
 bedience in any other Instance. You know
 my Heart, Mr. Longford, and on your
 generous Interference I rely. Shield me
 from my Father's Displeasure, I conjure
 you by that sincere Friendship which you
 profess for me, and which is faithfully re-

turned. "I will consider of all which
 "you have said to me," returned my
 Friend: "In the mean Time I will leave
 "you and seek for Isabella."

Villeroi, how am I circumstanced ! I
 wish we were once in England. My De-
 termination is unalterable. My Father's
 Disappointments have perhaps rendered
 him stern; but then his Friend can rea-
 son with Temper and Calmness. When
 we arrive I will instantly send for you.
 From you I expect Accounts of the most
 interesting Nature. I will not finish my
 Letter until I have seen Isabella.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have seen the lovely Isabella, for such
 she appears to be in Mind and Person.
 I can love her as my Sister. Her Ex-
 pressions of Gratitude for my Father's
 Goodness are unbounded. She speaks of
 him as of a Parent. Mr. Longford hav-
 ing

ing told her all, she has pleaded for me, and requested him to become an Advocate in my Favour. Augustus shall be my Brother, and Beville shall receive every Mark of Obedience from his Children.

The Packet is about to sail, and I trust that the Time is not very distant when I shall embrace my Friend; and know whether I may add another Appellation to that Name. When I have seen my Father, I will assume the Name of Beville: In the mean Time I am

Affectionately yours,

AUGUSTUS MARGROVE.

Well, now you have Margrove's Letter, and you may form what Conjectures you please on the young Man's obstinate Silence: But as I wish to dispatch my Letter, I am to tell you that we left Scotland much sooner than we intended, on your Account, my Mother being anxious to see

see her Family in her native Land. Henry has written to his Father, begging in the most earnest Manner that he will with Madame D—— get away from Paris. You would be surprised to see the Number of Emigrants who have fled hither for Shelter. To the Honour of the English, every Protection is granted them. Mr. Stanley often visits our Cousin Willmore; and gets him sometimes to our House. You will, as I have already told you, be quite delighted with our Situation. My Brother and De Biron have taken up their Abode with Sir Charles Morton, but then they come every Day to the Cottage, for that is the Name of Mr. Stanley's House. I am determined never to return to France. I never could behold the Stage on which so many real Tragedies have been so lately exhibited. You cannot be more of an Englishwoman than

Your
MATILDA D——.

LET-

LETTER LXV.

MONSIEUR D——

TO

HENRY.

Paris.

IT is enough, Henry, I am convinced that I ought to leave Paris, however my Property may be affected by such a Measure. Your Mother joins her Entreaties, and I cannot forbear repeating to you a Conversation I have just had with my faithful Valet. Le Fevre, said I to him, I am no longer your Master: I must dispense with your Services. He looked astonished, and begged to know in what he had offended, that I should withdraw my Protection which would render him miserable. Do not you know, Le Fevre, said I, that my Protection can no longer be of Service to you.—You are my Equal, therefore Patronage would be absurd; nor can I expect your Obedience,

dience, since that would be still more absurd, to suppose my Equal can, or ought to render me Obedience; therefore we must part. He instantly threw himself at my Feet, and conjured me not to impute to him any of the mad and ruinous Schemes of Faction. I gave him my Hand.—No, Le Fevre, I know your Heart is not yet contaminated, nor your Hands yet polluted with the Stain of Crimes 'till now unheard of—yet can you be certain, that you shall be always Proof against the Contagion of Faction, or have you Courage enough as well as Affection for me to promote our Escape? “Ah! Mon-fieur,” returned Le Fevre, “command me to undertake the most hazardous Service, and I shall consider it as only giving me an Opportunity to convince you that I am grateful to my Benefactor. Have you not supported my Parents? Have you not turned from us the sharp Arrows of Distress; and for so many Years granted me your Protection?”

“tion? and shall I now shrink from you
 “in the Moment of Danger? Let us
 “flee, Monsieur, and seek a Country
 “where the Laws of Heaven are not so
 “openly violated, and where Decency
 “and Order are respected.”

Well, Le Fevre, let us go as soon
 as you can contrive the Means of E-
 scape. In spite of new Systems, we will
 keep our own Stations; you may be sure
 of my Protection, and I shall not doubt
 of your faithful Services. The Liberty
 erected by Faction is only a Phantom:
 Our Flight must be to England, where
 Liberty exists in Reality.

So, Henry, you may expect we shall
 lose no Time. Your Mother cannot ex-
 press the Emotions which the Thoughts
 of seeing her Children excite in her afflict-
 ed Mind. Ah! Henry, you will behold her
 Cheeks furrowed with continual Weeping.
 But no more of this. Write immediate-
 ly.

ly. Hearing of your Welfare is the only Consolation we have. Think then, when I behold you once more, how great will be the Joy of

Your affectionate Father

HENRY D——.

LETTER LXVI.

HENRY

TO

MONSIEUR D——.

AMIDST the Joy your Resolution of leaving Paris gives me, Anxiety will obtrude.—Be careful, my dear Father, be cautious, I beseech you. Le Fevre, the generous Le Fevre, shall be rewarded. He deserves Benefits who can so well remember those already conferred.—It shall be my Care to promote his Happiness.—I know the Goodness of his Heart, and
I know

I know his Gratitude.—May Success attend his Exertions! Matilda will do every Thing to compose my dear Mother's agitated Spirits. Madame Villeroi will receive you with Affection. Mr. Stanley, whose Character you are no Stranger to, will give you a welcome Reception.

We have many very respectable Friends, who are also Friends to every virtuous Principle. You are right, my dear Father, in observing, that the Faction which now usurps the Dominion in France is built upon chimerical Notions, yet alas! they have been productive of substantial Evils. From a Scene so deplorable may you soon escape, and arrive in Safety to receive the Congratulations of

Your

HENRY D—

LETTER LXVII.

MADAME D——

TO

MISS CAMPBELL.

I Should have replied to your last obliging Letter long before now, had it not been for the Reasons I am about to tell you. I am sure that Sophia will not then accuse me of Neglect. The Parents of my Henry having happily escaped from Paris arrived in Safety to our inexpressible Joy. Duty and Inclination obliged me to be attentive to the welcome Emigrants, rendered more dear to me on account of their long Sufferings. We are all solicitous to compose the amiable Madame D——, who never can forget the Terrors to which she has been so long exposed: Nor can she, ever amidst the Joy of beholding her Son, forbear lamenting the undeserved Fate of the Victims which have fallen a Sacrifice to Anarchy and Sedition.

dition. I must remind you of your Promise, and especially when I tell you, that Yesterday I had the Happiness of receiving my dear Antoinette, my Brother having conducted her from Switzerland.

I am exceedingly glad that your Brother has at length brought your Father to hear Reason, by which Mean Mr. Rivers is convinced, that he must not expect you to listen to his Addresses.

I must be an Advocate for Mr. Bruce. He is a worthy Character, and I do not think you are insensible to his Merit; then why do you persist in your Determination? I shall think of consulting Captain M——, you know my Opinion of that Gentleman, and I have a Notion that he would be a very good Advocate—but of this some other Time. Monsieur De Biron is going to London: He is so good as to acquaint his Friend Bruce with his Intention of waiting upon Captain

N 2

M——

136 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

M—— according to Appointment. Present my Compliments to all our good Friends of Clydesdale, and believe me to be

Yours affectionately,

MATILDA D——.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

MONSIEUR D——

TO

MONSIEUR N——.

1792.

IT was very lucky for me that Order remained unbroken in my Household, for I should never have escaped from Paris, had it not been for Le Fevre, whose grateful Attachment made him surmount every Obstacle in our Way. So you may observe that Protection on the one Hand, and Gratitude on the other, produce bet-

ter

ter Effects than Equality. You are already acquainted with the Character of the Family to whom my Son is now related. Your Admiration would increase, were you personally acquainted with them. Madame D—— is quite charmed with her Daughter, who pays us both the most dutiful Attention. Mr. Stanley is an Ornament and Support to the sacred Order; indeed such Characters dignify human Nature. My dear N——, the Scene is greatly changed, for instead of the loud discordant Voice of Uproar and Confusion, I hear the harmonious Accents of generous Friendship.—All is Peace and Serenity: Our Persons are protected, and our Property safe. I suppose my Gardens will be laid waste, and my fine Plantations intirely ruined—yet I have saved all; Madame D—— and my Son are now secure from the cruel Hands of Faction.

I remain yours,

HENRY D——.

N 3

LET-

LETTER LXIX.

HENRY D——

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

I have been favoured with your affectionate Letter. You may imagine Madame D—— did not forget to enquire for her favourite M. De Biron.—She earnestly wishes to see you. My Father would fain have gone to London on Purpose to see his Adolphus, but I have advised him to the contrary, as I am convinced you will not prolong your Stay.

The Reason that I did not write the same Post is, that Villeroi was sent for by Express to Harwood Hall, Margrove being just returned from his Voyage. We have been anxiously expecting to receive a Letter from Eugene. I expect to send you a Transcript before the Post goes out.

out. To my great Joy my dear Parents seem quite pleased with their Daughter Matilda.

IN CONTINUATION.

I went from you, Adolphus, to join a Party every one of whom is dear to me, when we received a Letter from Villeroi: I have begged Permission to retire on purpose to give you a Copy, which take without any further Preface.

LETTER LXX.

MONSIEUR VILLEROI

TO

THE REVEREND MR. STANLEY.

Harwood Hall.

My dear Sir,

WHEN I arrived I found Augustus counting the Time long till I came. Our Joy

Joy at seeing each other was mutual and sincere. He informed me that the Passage was very expeditious, and that he left Mr. Longford at London. He would have staid with him, but Mr. L—— requested Augustus to hasten to Harwood Hall, and let his Friends know he would introduce Mr. Beville and Isabella very soon. I was very loth, continued Margrove, to leave him, yet as I had been accustomed not to dispute his Advice, I obeyed, and I think the Time long till he come. He made me give him a particular Account of our Family; but begged I would postpone being satisfied any further until his Father had conversed with Mr. Longford on the Subject, and had also been introduced to our Family in general, and to Mr. Stanley in particular. I bowed my Assent, and he went on telling me of his affectionate Attachment to Mr. Longford, and his brotherly Regard for Isabella, of whom he entertains a high Opinion. Mr.

Harwood

Harwood and his amiable Spouse expressed the most heart-felt Joy. For my own Part, they treat me like an intimate Acquaintance, therefore, I am always quite easy, and Harwood Hall seems like another Home. Having used great Dispatch in my Journey, the next Day I seemed rather fatigued, so Mr. Harwood would not allow me to accompany him in his usual morning Ride. Margrove remained alone with me; for Mrs. Harward having received a Note from a neighbouring Seat, made an Apology for leaving us for a short Time. Mrs. H—— had not been absent long before a Servant informed us, that a Lady and Gentleman with their Attendants had just alighted at the Gate, and were inquiring for Mr. Harwood. Augustus immediately ran to meet them, and returned leading a young Lady, who, I soon found, was Isabella. He introduced his Friend Mr. Longford to me, and their Meeting proved the Sincerity of their Affection.

When

When we were all seated, Margrove eagerly inquired, when he should see his Father. Mr. Longford assured him he would have that Happiness very soon. You, Sir, said Mr. L. — are, I presume, the Gentleman, whom Margrove has so often mentioned to me; and as I am no Stranger to your Character, I beg to have the Honour of being admitted among the Number of your Friends. I told him the Request was very flattering to me, and I should be proud to merit his Esteem.

The Time passed very agreeably until Mr. Harwood's Return. On his entering the Parlour, Augustus prepared to introduce his Friends. Mr. Harwood and Margrove's Friend looked earnestly at each other, when the former exclaimed, "is it possible, or do my Eyes deceive me?" No, said the latter, you are not deceived, Mr. Harwood, I am your Friend. "O now I am certain you are
" my

“my Friend, my dear and lamented Beville! — and do I again behold the generous Exile? O Happiness too great for Expression! Where is Eliza?” By this Time Augustus had sprung from his Seat, and had thrown himself at Beville’s Feet. Scarcely could he articulate for some Time a single Word. At length he exclaimed: And do I now behold my ever dear Father? and will he receive his Son? will he acknowledge and love his Augustus? Yes, returned Beville, thus let me fold thee in my Arms—thus let me declare myself proud of thy Virtues, my dear, long lost, yet now well known Beville! for such is now thy Name, yet let the generous Name of Margrove be ever loved and revered.

Ah! my dear Clara, said he, how happy would this accomplished and virtuous Son have made thee! Forgive, gentle Shade, my injurious Suspicions. Severe were thy Sufferings, for thy unjust Thoughts

Thoughts of thy faithful Beville. The lovely Isabella wept during this Scene. Why do you weep, my Child, said her foster Father? Let me wipe those Tears; never shalt thou know long Hardships; are not you my adopted Daughter, and is not this dear Youth your Brother? Perhaps too I may find some Relations who may be proud to own their Isabella. My dear Father, mine are Tears of Joy to see the benevolent Hand, which protected me when a helpless Infant in a savage Country, receive a Son so long lost to his afflicted Father — Isabella has no Fears for her future Welfare.

Mr. Harwood now thought proper to meet his Eliza to prepare her for the Sight of Beville, lest the Surprize should affect her too much. He soon heard her say, let me see him, I beseech you. She hastily entered the Room.—It is Beville, it is the dear Friend of whose Sufferings we have been the innocent Cause. No
 Reflections

Reflections, my dear Eliza, returned Mr. Beville, I am now happy beyond expression. And will you not leave us again, Beville, you to whom I owe all my Happiness? No, I will never again leave my native Land. This is my adopted Daughter: Will you receive her as such? She shall be dear to my Heart, returned Mrs. Harwood, next to my Augustus Beville, whom I regarded from the first Moment of our Acquaintance for his personal Resemblance of my Friend; and now he is dear to me on account of his filial Affection and amiable Disposition.

When we became more composed, Mr. Beville acquainted us, that an Indian had brought him some additional Papers, which on Inspection he found belonged to Captain Clairson, the Father of Isabella; among the rest was a Letter to his Lady from her Sister in England; unluckily the Name was torn off, however, this Circumstance made me determine to

take a Voyage to England. I had some Acquaintances at Shelburne, who were always affectionate to Issabella, I therefore permitted her to go thither, and take her Leave, while I transacted some Business which called me to Halifax. My good Genius conducted me to the House where my Son lodged, whose earnest Enquiries about Quebec excited my Curiosity. Think how great my Emotion, when he mentioned the Object of his Expedition, that he was going in Pursuit of his Father, whose Name he immediately pronounced. I instantly determined to conceal my Name, and adopted that of my Friend Longford. I continued to cultivate an Acquaintance with my interesting young Man. My proffered Friendship was accepted. I became his Confident, and had he not been my Son I should have loved and esteemed him. I exulted in finding him a Friend to Virtue; and his filial Affection for a Father's Name endeared him to me. Still I determined to conceal

conceal my Name. When we came to Shelburne, I instructed Isabella to favour the innocent Deception. You know the rest, and I have only to add, that my Heart is full of Gratitude to my dear Boy's Friends.

LETTER LXXI.

EUGENE VILLEROI

TO

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

ON my Return home I expected to find you here. I have snatched the Pen to tell you, that I still remain ignorant of Beville's Choice. I have already told you my Opinion of his Father. I have had the Pleasure of conducting the worthy Man hither with his Son and also his adopted Daughter, the lovely Isabella. Our Family all share in the good For-

tune of Augustus. I have formed some Conjectures since his coming, but I will not venture to give them you, as I suppose it will not be long before Mr. Beville has the intended Conference with Mr. Stanley. In the mean Time, I will make a Visit to my Cousin Willmore, and finish my Letter when I return.

Mr. Willmore expressed much Satisfaction at seeing me. I gave him a brief Account of my Journey to Harwood Hall, to which he was very attentive, and said, he wished to see Mr. Beville who had so long sighed under the severe Pressure of Misfortune. Young Beville's exemplary Behaviour, and filial Affection have given Willmore such an Opinion of his Character, that he says a Visit from him will be agreeable. I need not say how much you are in my Cousin's Favour, who is desirous of your being my Brother as well as Kinsman, and therefore hopes that nothing will interrupt your Union
with

with Adelaide. When I have conversed with Mr. Stanley I shall be able to say more on the Subject. In the mean Time, let me tell you of the fair Canadian Isabella. She is not so tall as either of my Sisters, yet her Form and Figure are elegant, and her Face delicate, and expressive of a virtuous Mind. Since Mr. Beville had acquainted her with the Manner of her being left an Orphan, she has indulged Reflections that give her rather sometimes a pensive and dejected Look, which renders her still more interesting. Her Benefactor has given her long Assurance of his Protection, and Augustus insists on her sharing with him in point of Fortune; yet all their Goodness cannot dissipate the Anxiety which she cannot conceal. De Biron, it may be easily accounted for: An ingenuous Mind is apt to sink under Obligations, where there is no Prospect of evincing its Gratitude; and no Doubt the Fate of her Parents is often present to the Thoughts of their Orphan Daughter.

I have conversed with Mr. Stanley, and have the Pleasure of acquainting you that my Conjectures were intirely wrong. Antoniette is the Person for whom my Friend Beville professes so much Love and Esteem. I flatter myself Augustus is far from being indifferent to my Sister. Adelaide was full of Apprehensions, so that you may suppose her Joy is very great. Madame D—— is continually wishing to see you. Poor Lady, she often says that Adolphus will see the Ravages which Grief has made. Alas! lasting will be the Impression which the Remembrance of so many Scenes of Horror has engraven on her Heart. You may be sure, we do every Thing in our Power to soothe her Spirits. The Count endeavours to appear chearful, although it is apparent, that it cost him great Exertions to hide his Concern.

Sir Charles and Lady Morton have been continually making Enquiries for you.

you. They are now on a Visit at some Distance from hence.

I have been telling Augustus all the Vexation which you have experienced in supposing that he was your favoured Rival. He seemed affected at finding you had suffered so much Inquietude. Yet hopes; that when you have considered how he was circumstanced, you will allow that he was not at Liberty to disclose my Sister's Name. I shall be proud to call you both the Brothers of

EUGENE VILLEROI.

LETTER LXXII.

MR. BEVILLE SEN.

TO

MR. LONGFORD.

Harwood Hall.

I Rejoice that I persevered so long to
adopt

adopt your Name, notwithstanding your Advice to the contrary. By cultivating a Friendship with my Son I acquired a perfect Knowledge of his Character. I studied his Temper, and saw with Pleasure his Affection for me. O Longford! how did my Bowels yearn when I discovered the Sentiments of his honest and generous Heart. I have often turned from him to conceal the Father from his Sight, I however observed an Impatience in his Temper which I endeavoured to correct. I carried on the innocent Deception which by my Orders was favoured by Isabella.

The Harwoods were not at home when I reached their House, but I found Augustus with his Friend Villeroi. I cannot express to you what my Heart felt, when I beheld the Joy which sparkled in my Son's Eyes at seeing me again. He eagerly enquired for his Father, and I gave him Hopes of his coming. When

Harwood

Harwood came he looked earnestly at me and soon pronounced my Name. Augustus was in a Moment at my Feet. It is impossible for me to describe the filial Duty and Affection which appeared in his Countenance, and it is altogether as impossible for me to express the Emotions of my Mind. Isabella wept. You know the Sensibility of our dear Child. Ah! that I could have the Happiness of restoring her to her Family and Friends! If my Son's Heart had not been engaged, his Marriage with Isabella would have rendered me happy. I know his Sentiments too well even to wish the parental Authority were sufficient to insist upon his Union with any other Person, than the Lady of whom he has spoken so highly to me.

My dear Longford, I beseech you to hasten to us. I shall not relate the History of our Travels to my Friends until you come. My Son is impatient to see

see his Friend Longford. Although I relinquish your Name, I must keep Augustus Beville's Friendship. And in that Character I have spoken to him on the Subject of his Love. He expressed much Gratitude for my having consulted his Heart in Preference to any other Motive, and begged I would make known his Sentiments to Mr. Stanley, who is the Lady's Guardian. As the Family remain in Suspense with regard to his Choice, my Son is also ignorant whether the Lady be disengaged or not; for which Reason he wishes to observe the same Caution in revealing her Name until I have made some Enquiries.

In the midst of all this Happiness, I sigh at the Remembrance of my Clara, and also regret the Loss of my Son's Protectors. Isabella is writing to you. Let not the Distance now between us lessen our Regard. The Presence of my Companion through the uncultivated
Wilds

Wilds of America is only wanting to compleat my Happiness.

It is with the utmost Satisfaction that I behold the flourishing State of my Country, as being now the Seat of Peace, and the only Place where Liberty resides. France still remains in a State of Anarchy, experiencing all the Horrors attendant on such a State; and our Indian Acquaintance Abduket would blush to hear a Recital of the shocking Barbarities committed throughout the Empire of France. If you see him do not forget to say that he will not be forgotten by

Your affectionate

AUGUSTUS BEVILLE.

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LETTER LXXIII.

ISABELLA CLAIRSON

TO

MISS STARMER.

GREAT as the Distance is now between us, yet I flatter myself that you will sometimes think of me. You my dear Lucy, were alway my Companion, and I have every Reason to suppose your Friendship to be sincere. You alone, were witness to the Anguish I felt when Mr. Beville acquainted me with the Manner of my being brought to him a helpless Orphan, you know also his kind and indulgent Care of me, which claimed the Return of filial Affection.

Having already written to you from Shelburne, you know that Mr. Beville took the Name of his Friend Longford, nor did he discover himself to Augustus until we arrived to his Friend's House in England.

England. This Event has made my Guardian forget the many Sorrows he has experienced. Sincerely do I congratulate him; yet in the midst of all these pleasing Events I am unhappy. Lucy, I reason with myself, I consider the Goodness of my Protectors, yet in Defiance of all my Reasonings Anxiety preys on my Spirits, continually representing my dependant State in a Kingdom, where no doubt I have Relations, and yet must remain a Stranger to them. So full am I of these corroding Thoughts, that I have not even told you of my having seen London. Our Stay in the Metropolis was not long, yet I saw enough to convince me that all which we had been told fell far short of the Grandeur and Opulence which appears in the British Capital.

I have already told you that my Guardian discovered himself to his Son at the House of his most intimate Friend. You would not wonder at their being Friends,

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P

Lucy,

Lucy, did you know Mr. Harwood and his amiable Lady. Induced by the most generous and benevolent Motives, they do a vast Deal of Good in the Neighbourhood. Harwood Hall is quite a little Paradise. I am told that in many Parts of England the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry excel any other Part of Europe in Point of Taste and Elegance, where Art improves and adorns the bold and noble Designs of Nature, making her Appearance still more beautiful. Mrs. Harwood has adopted me for her Daughter, and with her I am mostly to reside. My Father, (for such I must ever call the generous Beville) will divide his Time between his Son, and his Friends at Harwood Hall.

You are already acquainted with the Name of Villeroi. I have now farther to inform you, that I have had the Pleasure of being introduced to Madame Villeroi and her amiable Family. I cannot
do

do Justice to their Merit, nor express to you their affectionate Attention to me. The Rev. Mr. Stanley, a Gentleman of an affluent Fortune, is the Guardian of Eugene Villeroi and his Sisters. From Motives which do him Honour, he became also their Preceptor, offering them his own excellent Example for their Imitation. Augustus, from his Intimacy with M. Villeroi, shared the Advantages of Mr. Stanley's Instruction.

The mild and sensible Antoinette is worthy the Love of Augustus Beville, the Family however, and even the young Lady herself did not know his Attachment, till Mr. Beville made his Proposals. The eldest Sister is engaged to Monsieur De Biron, who, being the Son of an English Lady, has given over all Thoughts of returning to France, although his Father was a Native of that Kingdom. The other Sister is married to Monsieur D——, a French Gentle-

man, Son of the Count ———. This Gentleman's Parents have had the good Fortune to escape from Paris, and are now with Madame V——. I find myself much attached to the Countess. Dignity and Ease are happily blended in her Department. I sit and walk with her many Hours. I listen to the Tales of Woe to which this Lady was obliged to be a Witness. Deep are the Wounds which these Scenes of Horror have engraven on her Mind. The Sensibility of her Temper makes her to enquire into my Situation, and she becomes every Day more interested for my Happiness. Having heard with how much Tenderness and Humanity I have been taken Care of by Mr. Beville, she has conceived a high Opinion of him, and of the English Nation in general. Madame V—— will have the Happiness of seeing her Children settled in England. I have not yet learnt, yet I suppose some deserving Lady will wear the Name of Villeroi.

Villeroi. Why should I make Enquiries, or how or why can I be interested in knowing her Name? Lucy, I sometimes wish I were with you at Montreal, yet however I may be disposed of I shall always be

Your ever affectionate

ISABELLA CLAIRSON.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

MADAME VILLEROI

TO

MRS. BRUCE.

YOUR frequent and affectionate Enquiries with regard to my Family was the Reason that I requested M. De Biron to transmit you so large a Packet. You may suppose, dear Madam, that my Happiness depends upon the Welfare of my Children; nor could I forbear having the

same maternal Regard for Adolphus De Biron. I long beheld his Dejection with Concern, and recollected my Affection for my dear Sophia, while all the Obligations I owed to his Parents recurred to my Memory; therefore I the more readily consented to accept him for my Son-in-law. A few Days since, he received the Hand of my Daughter Adelaide. On this Occasion my Friends and Family were assembled: Our Party was numerous and made an elegant Appearance. I wished much for Lady Morton's and your Presence. Madame D—— and Isabella endeavoured to appear chearful. They claim my Regard and Attention, the former for being obliged to leave her native Land, and seek an Asylum; the latter for finding herself a Stranger in the Island which gave Birth to her Parents, and although she do not want either Friends or Protection, her Solitude can hardly be blamed. Adolphus appears anxious to see his Friend Bruce;

you

you may therefore expect him with Madame de Biron at Clydesdale very soon. I expect Captain M—— and you to perform your Promise of making us a Visit. In the mean Time believe me to be yours

Very affectionately,

CAROLINE VILLEROI.

LETTER LXXV.

MADAME DE BIRON

TO

MADAME D——.

OUR Stay here may be longer than I expected. Mr. Bruce appears unhappy. Sophia has candidly owned her Partiality for him, but her Father's Commands are peremptory, although the Gentleman, who is our Friend's Rival, has not yet made his Appearance. Mr. Campbell has

has given Hints that he thinks Mr. Bruce is fickle and inconstant. In this Opinion he errs widely; for his Heart is Truth and Sincerity: Witness his sincere Friendship for Adolphus, and the generous Offers so often made to him when he supposed him deprived of the Gifts of Fortune. Put Antoinette in Mind that I expect she will write to me. I am sure I am exceeding happy at not being her rival Sister. Indeed it would have been productive of much Confusion in our Family, all which is now happily prevented.

Do all you can I beseech you to amuse the Exiles. Persuade Isabella to prolong her Stay with you. I think it very improper to mention her Situation to any Person in the Neighbourhood, as it may perhaps with some People be the Means of Miss Clairson's meeting with Contempt when they know her dependant State. Captain M—— is as usual quite chearful and good-natured. I wonder he does not

not take Notice of the Change so apparent in his Nephew. Mr. Sinclair is no Stranger to the Cause of Mr. Bruce's Anxiety. Pray do not forget to mention me to our Cousin Willmore. Mrs. Bruce is writing to Madame Villeroi. I should have given you the Trouble of reading a much longer Epistle, had I not been just writing to some of our Friends at Zurich. I shall ever retain the most friendly Regard for them; and my Wishes are for the Peace and Prosperity of Switzerland, but I think the Tranquillity of these brave and contented People will be disturbed by means of the French Revolution. Ah! then how shall I tremble for the Safety of my Friends in Zurich, Berne, &c! Adolphus writes to Mr. Stanley. I beg you will take every Opportunity of giving me an Account of all which concerns my Friends in the North of England.

I am yours affectionately,

ADELAIDE DE BIRON.

LET-

LETTER LXXVI.

MADAME D——

TO

MADAME DE BIRON.

I AM so much engaged that I can scarce find an Opportunity to perform my Promise of writing to you. I am continually endeavouring to dissipate the Gloom which oppresses the Spirits of my Henry's Parents; for this Purpose I lead them from one Place to another, Mr. Stanley and my Mother sharing the generous Office with me. The gentle Isabella is very much attached to Madame D——. Mr. Beville Senior is fitting up a most delightful Seat for the Residence of his Children. From Motives of Gratitude the Name of this agreeable Villa is changed, and it is henceforth to be called MARGROVE PLACE, thither we often conduct our Exiles: Even our Cousin Willmore sometimes quits his Solitude

tude to converse with the Count and Mr. Beville. I am just now informed that Sir Charles and Lady Morton are returned from their Visit and expect our whole Party To-morrow; I shall therefore finish my Letter when I have received her Ladyship's Commands for you.

IN CONTINUATION.

I have just snatched my Pen to tell you that Henry has received Letters from Monsieur F——, whose Escape was very narrow indeed. Henry will transmit his Letter to Adolphus. We are all of us equipped for a Visit to Lady Morton. You would admire the Elegance of Isabella's Dress. Her Mother left some Jewels of Value, and Mr. Beville has presented her with many more. Augustus has given all which were his Mother's to Antoinette. His generous Father has made us very elegant Presents, nor are you forgotten. Isabella is soon to leave us.

IN

IN CONTINUATION.

My dear Adelaide, if you be about to chide my Delay, I shall have your Pardon, when you have heard the pleasing Account which I am about to give you.

Sir Charles and Lady Morton received us with their usual Goodness. I need not tell you with how much Ease and Politeness Lady Morton's whole Deportment is distinguished. The Affability of her Conversation frees Strangers from any Embarrassment, and diffuses Chearfulness around her. I have already told you, that we were full dressed, and that Isabella in particular, made a very elegant and brilliant Appearance. Her Ladyship took an Opportunity of asking me a few Questions. I could just have Time to mention the young Lady's having been adopted by Mr. Beville when in an infant State. Lady Morton seemed immersed in Thought, and continued to observe

observe Isabella with much Attention.— After Dinner we walked through the Park, and while some of our Party were taking a View of the various Beauties of the Garden &c. Lady Morton accompanied by Miss Clairson, Mr. Beville, and your Matilda, went to the Bower to wait for our Friends. Isabella being seated near Lady Morton, her Ladyship begged to look at Miss Clairson's Bracelets, which were instantly presented to her. Lady Morton having inspected them very narrowly exclaimed, tell me, I beseech you, from whence you had these Bracelets? It is from me, Madam, said Mr. Beville, that you must receive that Information; but first let me entreat your Ladyship to do me the Honour to read this Letter, wherein these Bracelets are mentioned. So saying, he took a Letter from his Pocket-book. Lady Morton no sooner saw the Fragment, for Part was torn off, than clasping her Hands, she said, O Sir! this Letter was written by

me to my ever dear Sister; by me also were the Bracelets presented to her:—Never could I learn her's or Captain Clairson's Fate. That Lady is their Daughter, returned Mr. Beville, and consequently your Niece. Isabella during this Conversation appeared much agitated: No sooner had Mr. Beville pronounced the Word Niece, than she fainted in my Arms. Lady Morton flew to her Assistance; speak to me, my dearest Isabella, speak to the Sister of your Mother. Miss Clairson opened her Eyes, and a Flood of Tears gave her Heart Relief. In this Situation we were joined by our Friends, who all looked at the Scene before them with Surprise. My Brother seemed terrified, and earnestly enquired if any Thing had happened to distress Miss Clairson. Sir Charles seeing his Lady in Tears, tenderly begged to know the Reason. Isabella Clairson is our Niece, said her Ladyship; she is the Daughter of my Sister. Madam, returned

returned Sir Charles, I rejoice at the Discovery : And is this amiable Lady indeed our Niece ? Isabella was now recovered, and made an Effort to kneel, but was prevented by her Aunt. And am I, said she, so happy as to have found such dear and amiable Relations ! ah ! my dear generous Friend ! you must rejoice with me ; it was you that protected the helpless and abandoned Isabella ; you became my Parent, my dear, my indulgent Parent ; and it is you that can now satisfy my Friends in all which relates to me. The generous Beville was affected beyond Description. I am happy, said he, my dear Child, to restore you to your worthy Friends and Family ; yet I must be allowed to call you still my Daughter : Your Welfare will be ever dear to me. He then begged a Messenger might be dispatched to Mr. Stanley's House, who returned with many other Vouchers to confirm the Discovery. He then briefly related the Manner of her becoming his Charge ;

in doing which he was obliged to mention his own Misfortunes, which affected every one present. Sir Charles and his Lady could hardly express their Acknowledgements. In a Word, when we were composed enough to reason on the pleasing Event, we all congratulated the amiable Miss Clairson. Eugene had inadvertently given us Reason to observe that Isabella is very interesting to him. We spent the Day happily, and Lady Morton begged to keep her Niece with her—She is happy that Augustus will live in the same Neighbourhood with his foster Sister. They parted from Mr. Beville with much Reluctance, and obtained his Promise that he would give them as much of his Company as possible. Lady M—— would be very happy to see you both. Sir Charles has an high Esteem for Adolphus, and I am certain you will share in their Joy on the present Occasion. Eugene is writing to you. My best Respects attend Captain M—— and Family.

mily. By way of amusing my exiled Friends, I mean to pay a Visit to Harwood Hall, and perhaps I may try what Effects the Banks of the Clyde may have in turning their Attention from Sufferings as unmerited as severe. On the Happiness of her Friends depends the Peace of

Your

MATILDA D_____.

L E T T E R LXXVII.

MR. BEVILLE SEN.

T O

MR. HARWOOD.

ISABELLA will not reside at Harwood Hall. To my inexpressible Joy she will only be sometimes Mrs. Harwood's Visitor.

(The Particulars I will tell you hereaf-

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ter;

ter; let it now suffice to acquaint you, that Miss Clairson is the Niece of Lady Morton. Can the Wretch Bromley if he be in being enjoy such heartfelt Satisfaction as now is fallen to the Lot of your Friend? What complicated Crimes were his, to bribe a wretched Servant for the villainous Purpose of rendering a Person for whom he professed Friendship miserable? Ah! why does my Mind wander to a Subject so disagreeable?

I request to see you here very soon. My Son will often require your Presence at Margrove Place. You will instruct us in our rural Improvements, and you will direct the Purposes we have of doing Good to our Fellow-creatures. The Prospect of all this exhilarates my Spirits. I shall, as I have already said, chiefly reside with you, yet we will sometimes pay our Friends a Visit. Mr. Stanley will always favour us with his Advice. To the Character of Sir Charles Morton and his amiable

amiable Lady you are no Stranger. I am happy to say that Isabella is no Discredit to her Family. I shall always retain for her a fatherly Regard. My Son treats Miss Clairson like a Sister. Antoinette becomes every Day more dear to me. Thus, are my Years of Sorrow amply repaid. I will tell you all my Adventures at our Leisure; but in so doing shall I not pierce your Hearts to relate the Tales of Woe which have been experienced by

Your truly affectionate

AUGUSTUS BEVILLE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

MADAME DE BIRON

TO

MRS. BEVILLE.

JOY to my dear Sister! I trust that M. De Biron will hasten our Journey to Margrove-

176 ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

Margrove Place, to congratulate the worthy Partner of your Heart. Augustus, in his Letter now before me, blames himself too severely for having given so much Pain to De Biron. He wishes Mr. Beville to forget the supposed Rivalship, and to consider him now as a Friend and Brother. The Esteem you have for Mr. Bruce will oblige you to participate in his good Fortune which, the inclosed Letters will explain: I therefore without further Apology give you a Transcript.

L E T T E R LXXIX.

MR. CAMPBELL

TO

CAPTAIN M_____.

THE Indulgence which you have granted, and the Secresy you have observed, claims my warmest Acknowledgements. I am now, my dear Sir, perfectly satisfied. My Scruples on Account of your Nephew's
first

first Engagement is entirely removed. Mr. Bruce sincerely loves my Sophia, and I am convinced he is the only Person my Daughter can vow to love and esteem. I am charmed with his Character. Thank Heaven he is Loyal, or I could not accept him for a Relation, nor hardly for an Acquaintance.

I protest to you, Sir, if one of these WRONG-HEADS who profess their Admiration of the French Revolution, were to propose an Alliance with my Family, I should reject his Proposals with Disdain. Was there ever, my good Friend, so much Folly and Wickedness combined together? What extravagant Systems! what wild and chimerical Notions! Cervantes, thy Pen described but one Don Quixote; the French Convention can produce many Hundreds. It must, however, be allowed that their Plan is more extensive, and their Operations more destructive, than the romantic Knight could pretend to;

to; yet like him they set out to combat Monsters that have no Existence but in their Imaginations, and to relieve Distress which cannot be found. The Parisian Dulcinea must be recognised as the peerless Beauty of the Age, to which they have also given the Name of Liberty. Let any Person take a View of the sophisticated Picture, and he will not be able to discover the least Resemblance to Liberty—no, the very Reverse of true and rational Liberty. He will discover the most tyrannic Despotism, the most frantic and wild Ambition, as well as the most malignant and rancorous Envy. In a Word, every destructive Principle, every detestable Passion which can debase Human-nature is fully exemplified throughout the whole Conduct of the French Convention; and can it be possible, my dear Sir, for even one single Briton to applaud Doctrines so truly horrid? Shall I not be allowed to call such a Man ungrateful, unnatural, and unjust? Does he not
spurn

spurn the Blessings of Heaven with Contempt? Does he not open a Door to let Vice enter into his Heart? For he must instantly become the avowed Enemy to Peace, to Humanity, and to the World in general. Pardon me, if my Pen too readily obey the Dictates of my Mind on a Subject which so often employs my Thoughts: But why should I apologize? Am I not writing to a Gentleman of approved Loyalty, and who has so often defended our excellent Constitution. For this Reason I shall glory in your Alliance, and I am sure, that by making known my Sentiments to my Sophia, I shall ensure her Happiness. I leave you to communicate our Treaty to Mr. Bruce. With sincere Respect

I am, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately,

W. CAMPBELL.

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LETTER LXXX.

CAPTAIN M——

TO

MR. CAMPBELL.

I COULD allow for your Delicacy with Regard to my Nephew's prior Engagement. The amiable Character of your Daughter justifies the sincere Affection which Bruce has long cherished, and which I believe has given him many painful Apprehensions. His Gratitude is unbounded. His joyful Acceptance of our Consent gives me the highest Satisfaction. His Happiness is dear to me, and my Regard for him is founded on rational Principles. It is with Pleasure I affirm that my Nephew has a Mind above giving his Assent to the pernicious Doctrines which have of late been imported from France, and which are a real Plague to the World. As History cannot afford any Precedent for the monstrous

storous Conduct of the French Convention, you have properly taken your Allusions from the Regions of Romance. I agree with you that the Age of Knight-errantry is revived. The French Democrats, in the genuine Spirit of Quixotism, are sallying forth to rid the World of Royalty; while their Dulcinea, whom, under the false Name of Liberty, they admire as the Paragon of Beauty, differs as widely from genuine Liberty, as a common Prostitute from a Roman Matron. Indeed she needs only to be divested of meretricious Ornaments, and exhibited in native Deformity to excite universal Disgust and Abhorrence.

I trust that my Countrymen are not so much enamoured with their Caps of Liberty, (for so they call their Fool's Cap) as to suffer *one* of them to be worn in England, much less the *Fifty Thousand* which they threaten to import into this Island. As for their *Tree* of

VOL. II. R Liberty,

Liberty, we have seen too much of its pernicious Qualities to wish it to be planted here. It flourishes no where unless it be manured with the Blood of Loyalty; and wheresoever it grows, it diffuses a more extensive Poison than the * *Bohon Upas* in the Island of Java. That Plant is said to infect the Air with its deleterious Influence to the Circumference of about eighteen Miles: But the French *Tree of Liberty* is still more baneful; for its noxious Effluvia are soon wafted to the Extremities of every Kingdom, where it once takes Root and flourishes, and none but Regicides can breathe the Air which is thus tainted with its Poison.

Great Britain has hitherto observed a strict Neutrality; but I foresee they will by their Views of Aggrandizement, and their

* From 15 to 18 Miles round this Tree, not only no Human-creature can exist, but that in that Space of Ground, no living Animal of any Kind has ever been discovered.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 183

their base Attempts to propagate their Principles in this Country, rouse the British Lion, whom they have never yet, and I trust in God they never will be able to insult with Impunity.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend and Servant,

GEORGE M——.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

MRS. BEVILLE

T O

MADAME DE BIRON.

Margrove Place.

THANKS to my Adelaide! Thanks to the generous De Biron, who can so easily pardon the Anxiety which he so long sustained! My Augustus is writing to his Brother and Friend. I expect you

R 2

with

with Impatience. I rejoice that De Biron can felicitate his Friend; I also congratulate the worthy Mr. Bruce and his amiable Sophia, and anticipate the Pleasure of seeing them at Margrove Place. In the midst of so many happy Prospects I have the melancholy Task to assist in composing the afflicted Minds of M. D—— and his amiable Lady: In this charitable Office Lady Morton and her Isabella unite their Efforts.

Need I explain myself? The shocking Tragedy which has been recently acted at Paris, has no doubt reached your Ears. Monsieur D—— has corresponded with a Friend whose Letters on this Occasion I inclose. Our honoured Guardian has been very sensibly affected. He has seen Mr. Campbell's and Captain M——'s Letters, and thinks their Allusion very applicable. Persuade Captain M——'s Family to make us a Visit.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON. 185

fit. I must hasten to Madame D—, my Mother is constantly with her. I desire you will write. I must repeat that I expect the inclosed to convince you how necessary your Presence will be; for you must join in consoling our afflicted Friends. I am my dear Sister's

Ever affectionate

ANTOINETTE BEVILLE,

LETTER LXXXII.

M. MATIGNON

TO

MONSIEUR D—.

Paris.

RETURN to Paris! No, my dear Friend, rather endeavour to forget your Relation to this polluted Country. What we have long apprehended is accomplished! The mild and beneficent Louis

R 3

the

the Sixteenth has fallen a Sacrifice to a Faction composed of the vilest of Mankind! What Pen can describe my Feelings! What Language speak the Anguish of my Heart! My Son raves, and scarce could I restrain him from rushing amidst the Assassins, who with every Mark of Ignominy conducted their Sovereign to the Scaffold. The Trial, Condemnation, and Murder of our King was conducted in a Manner which the whole World must resent. O the despotic Regicides! The Characters of Nero, Caligula, and Domitian are mild when compared to theirs. Could you once behold this Convention! But how can I entertain a Wish so destructive to your Peace! Horror broods over their Assembly, and all their Words and Actions are dictated by Rage, Envy, and mad Ambition. Deluded People! is this the Sovereignty you were to possess? Is this your Liberty! you are a deluded and stigmatized People. Your Hand is against e-
very

very Man, and every Man's Hand against you. You are the common Disturbers of the World. Ah! Monsieur, you will subscribe to the Truth of this. Alas! where will our Calamities end? You see the Paper blotted with my Tears. You sympathise, you weep, how shall I console you? Yes, let me comfort you, let me tell you that our beloved King triumphed over his Murderers. Magnanimity, Fortitude, and Resignation attended him to the last Moment. Never shall these Virtues approach his inhuman Destroyers—I cannot proceed: My Mind is distracted with Grief and Indignation. I will seek the first Opportunity which offers for an Escape, and when I gain an Asylum you shall hear from

Your afflicted

C. MATIGNON.

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LETTER LXXXIII.

MADAME DE BIRON

TO

MRS. BEVILLE.

WE will hasten to our afflicted Friends. Adolphus will exert himself to console Monsieur D—— and his Family. His Heart is deeply affected. The brave Captain M—— execrates the cowardly and base Despots who have called themselves the French Convention. The Post is going; but I am sure of your Attention on the present Occasion; for I am well acquainted with the Disposition of my Sister, and also am not ignorant of the Goodness of Heart which belongs to her Augustus, which will ever endear him to

Your affectionate

ADELAIDE DE BIRON.

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LETTER LXXXIV.

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

I REPEAT to you, my dear Friend, that I rejoice at the Share I have in your Affections, and also at my having a Right to claim Great Britain for my Country. Happy as I thought myself at leaving France, I never once imagined that Faction would have proceeded to such daring, such desperate Lengths. Your Uncle was but too prophetic, when he so often foretold that they would trample on every Thing to maintain the Despotism and Tyranny they had obtained.

Captain M—— is a worthy Man, therefore be not offended that he kept you so long in Suspense. Good Men may be allowed to have some Singularities. I am convinced he has your Interest
at

at Heart, and is also a nice Discerner of Merit, and could therefore do Justice to your Sophia. I am using every Argument to calm the ruffled and disturbed Spirits of my Friends: At the same Time my Heart feels sensibly for their Distress. Our revered Mr. Stanley and his Friend Sir Charles Morton join in the charitable Office; nor is the philanthropic Mr. Harwood, nor his worthy Friend Beville wanting in their Endeavours. Ah! my good Friend, that Peace which Great Britain has been so anxious to maintain, and which her Generosity so well deserved, is violated by the common Enemies of Mankind. Their secret Machinations have been defeated by the Vigilance of the Ministry: But their Avowal of Principles so inimical to the Tranquillity and Welfare of this Country became too glaring to go on with Impunity. The same generous and heroic Spirit which distinguished this Island in former Times, still prevails, and disposes
them

them to Loyalty and firm Attachment to their King and Constitution. May they long continue unanimous to maintain the Superiority by which Heaven has distinguished them! And in Respect to the present Time may there be only one Opinion—namely, that of defending their excellent and envied Constitution! Eugene will again embrace a military Profession—May he return adorned with Laurels! Remember your Promise. The Ladies will rejoice to receive your Sophia, and our whole agreeable Circle have the highest Respect for Mr. Bruce, by which Means they confer an Obligation on

Your affectionate

ADOLPHUS DE BIRON.

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LETTER LXXXV.

EUGENE VILLEROI

TO

ALEXANDER BRUCE.

I AM exceeding glad that Captain M—— has concluded a Treaty so much to your Satisfaction. Since he allows me a Share in his Esteem, I may perhaps on some future Day request his Advice. At present however my Love for Isabella must give Place to Love of Glory, which I mean to seek on the Plains of Germany. I am aware of the Difficulty of gaining the Consent of my Friends; yet as I have testified my Attachment to a military Employment, does not the present Attack on the Rights of Mankind claim the Exertions of every Man of Honour? The Enemies we have to contend with have long forfeited all Pretensions to common Humanity. Their Outrages put me in Mind of what sometimes happens

happens in Asia. Young as I was at the Time I can yet recollect the Alarm which is spread through a Village, when some wild Beast is rushing towards it—every Person is immediately interested: The Danger is common; and all the neighbouring Villagers join to repel or destroy the Monster. I leave Captain M—— to make the Application.

It is impossible to foresee how far Enthusiasm and Ambition may carry these Democrats at this eventful Crisis: But this we are sure of, that Regicides and Atheists, Miscreants who have outraged Humanity and Religion, who have massacred their King and denied their God; though they may be employed as the Scourge of Nations, yet cannot be the Favourites of Heaven. Indeed, I cannot but believe that Vengeance will soon overtake them, and that too of no common Nature. It was justly observed by Julius Cæsar to the ancient Gauls, that

Heaven sometimes suffers Men who are enormously wicked, to go on for a while in a rapid Career of good Fortune, that their Destruction, when it comes, may be the more signal and exemplary. May the Fate of that devoted Nation be a Warning to us! Tenacious as we ought to be of the Liberty we enjoy, let us take Care that it degenerate not into Licentiousness, which at this critical Moment is infinitely more to be dreaded than Despotism.

It is our Happiness to have a King upon the Throne, who never in one Instance separated his own Interest from that of his People, and whose whole Life has been devoted to the Service of his Country. How ungrateful, how cruel would it be to embitter the old Age of such a Prince by groundless Jealousies, and unprincipled Opposition!

May he experience the heartfelt Pleasure

fure of seeing his Subjects Loyalty and
 Affection to his Person increase, with the
 Accumulation of their Wealth and Pro-
 perity ! and may he be continued to be a
 Comfort to his People, 'till he shall as far
 surpass the oldest in Number of Years,
 as he hath already the justest of his Pre-
 decessors in Virtue and Patriotism !

F I N I S

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1900, in the several townships of the County of York, New York, as shown on the official list of the Board of Supervisors of the County of York, New York, for the year 1900.



A
L I S T
O F
S U B S C R I B E R S.

A
RIGHT Honourable Countess of
Aylesbury
Edward Archer, Esq.
Mrs. Archer
Mr. Arnold

B
Honourable Mrs. Boscawen
Sir Thomas Byard
Mrs. Buller

T Mrs.

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 Mrs. Boger
 Mr. Boger
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 Mrs. Bennet, 3 Sets
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 Rev. Mr. Baron
 Rev. Mr. Bedford
 Rev. Mr. Bedford, Jun.
 Miss Bateman, St. Columb
 Lieut. Robert Brown, Navy
 Miss Blatchford
 Miss Charlotte Bowden
 Mr. Buchanan
 Lieut. Rich. Boger, Navy
 Lieut. John Burrows, Navy
 Mrs. T. Bulteel
 Mr. Frederick Barnikel

C

Dowager Duchess of Chandos
 Right Hon. Lord Camelford
Right

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General Conway
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Lady Call, 2 Sets
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Miss Coryton
Miss Champion
Mr. Chiene, Navy
Mr. Couch
Mrs. Copplestone
William Crees, Esq.
Mr. Child, Navy
John Coryton, Esq.
Mr. Carruther
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Mrs. Duckworth
Mrs. Derisly
Lieut. Thomas Dalby, Navy
Lieut. G. Drake, Marines
Miss Deeble
Stephen Drewe, Esq.
Mr. Damerell
Mr. Damerell, Jun.
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Mr. Dyer
William Dunsterville, Esq.
Bartholomew Dunsterville, Esq.

E

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Right Honourable Lady Eliot
Honourable Mrs. J. Eliot
Mrs. C. Eliot
Miss Eliot

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 Miss Eliot
 Thomas Edwards, Esq.
 Mrs. J. Elford
 Mrs. Evens
 Mr. Elworthy

F

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 Mr. Samuel Fuge
 Mr. Foot
 Mrs. Forster
 Miss France
 Mr. Frazer

G

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Thomas North Graves, Esq.		
William Graves, Esq.		
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Walter Raleigh Gilbert, Esq.		
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Right Hon. Countess of Harcourt
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Mrs. J. Hervey
Mr. Hamline, Surgeon
Mr. Hemmans
Mrs. Hearle, St. Columb
Mrs. Hearle, Helligan
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Mrs. Hawker
Miss Harrifon
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Mr. Jackson

K

Mr. Knapman

L

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Rt. Honourable Countess of Mount
Edgcumbe

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Mr. Macklin

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Mrs. Nelson
Miss Netherton
Mr. Nettleton, 2 Sets

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Rev. Mr. Penwarne
Mr. Pearce
Capt. Perry, Marines
Mrs. Prideaux
Miss Prideaux
Miss Poreford
Mrs. Prater
Mrs. Paynter
Mr. Phipps, Navy
Mrs. Parkin

Miss

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Mr. Pengelly

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Philip Rashleigh, Esq.
Charles Rashleigh, Esq.
Rev. Bryant Roberts, L. L. D.
Mrs. Roberts
Erasmus Roberts Esq.
Mr. J. Roberts, 2 Sets
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Miss Rodd }
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 Mr. Servant, Surgeon, Orion
 Mr. Skardon
 Mrs. Skardon
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 Miss Grace Sperton
 Miss M. A. Sargent
 Mr. Smith
 Rev. Mr. Smith
 Mrs. Strode

T

Mrs. Treby
 Mr. Tom
 Miss Ann Tom
 Miss Elizabeth Tom
 Mrs. Tremayne
 Miss Mary Trethewy

V

Right Honourable Lord Valletort
 Right Honourable Lady Valletort
 Mrs.

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Mr. W. Vallack, Jun.

W

Samuel White, Esq.

Mr. White, Navy

Capt. Watts, Army

Mrs. Williams

Miss Ward, Fowey

Mrs. Walker

Mrs. Weston

Mr. Weeks, Surgeon, St. George

Lieut. Westropp, Navy, St. George

Mrs. John Westlake

Miss Phillippa Westlake

Mr. Williams

Mr. Wolridge

Mr. Edward Wills

Y

Honourable Mrs. Yorke:

ERRATA.

V O L. I.

- P. 5. L. 3. For *Tranquility* read *Tranquillity*.
 19. 2. For *Acquaintance* r. *Acquaintances*.
 105. 2. For *Affection* r. *Affliction*.
 121. 3. For *it* r. *its*.
 137. 21. For *oblige* r. *oblige*.
 140. 10. For *marks* r. *mark*.
 150. 8. For *expect* r. *unfit*.
 172. 15. For *Acquaintance* r. *Acquaintances*.
 181. At the Bottom for *hurried* r. *pierced*.
 207. 13. For *Solitude* r. *Solicitude*.
 214. 20. For *are* admired r. *is* admired.
 22. For *was* r. *were*.
 216. 11. Between *expect* and *from* r. *to hear*.
 222. 19. For *any* r. *every*.
 241. 12. For *are* r. *is*.

V O L. II.

- P. 39. L. 8. Between *what* and *bade* r. *I*.
 134. 15. For *ever* r. *even*.
 144. 5. Omit *long*.
 149. 11. Read *rather* after *sometimes*.
 177. 14. For *was* r. *were*.

THE A. E. R. E.

1107

1. For the purpose of the present investigation, the following data have been collected:

VOL. II

177	For water 1 acre.	1.00
178	Reed water 1 acre (overlaid)	1.00
179	Orchard 1 acre	1.00
180	For water 1 acre	1.00
181	For water 1 acre	1.00
182	For water 1 acre	1.00
183	For water 1 acre	1.00
184	For water 1 acre	1.00
185	For water 1 acre	1.00
186	For water 1 acre	1.00
187	For water 1 acre	1.00
188	For water 1 acre	1.00
189	For water 1 acre	1.00
190	For water 1 acre	1.00
191	For water 1 acre	1.00
192	For water 1 acre	1.00
193	For water 1 acre	1.00
194	For water 1 acre	1.00
195	For water 1 acre	1.00
196	For water 1 acre	1.00
197	For water 1 acre	1.00
198	For water 1 acre	1.00
199	For water 1 acre	1.00
200	For water 1 acre	1.00